Sept. 13, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

PERIODICAL
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DETROIT

REA IRVIN

How well she knows the whims of man.. his changing moods and passing fancies. In Asphodele she has found a conspirator, distinguishing her as if by accident.. but what cunning in that accident. A little designing perhaps. But who is unwilling to be fascinated?

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Something of old New York has vanished with the tearing down of the Stuyvesant mansion. Much of the old leisurely life has disappeared. We should like to think that though the homes that stood there have gone, their tradition of gracious hospitality lingers so that you may find the new Hollander shop always a pleasant place to visit.

L·P·HOLLANDER CO

552 FIFTH AVENUE UNTIL SEPTEMBER 23

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—Grace George and A. E. Matthews in St. John Ervine's entertaining treatment of the old story of the smart wife and the errant husband. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

*THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's beautiful Old Testament epic told in terms of an old Negro's imagination. The best thing of the year. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—The war as seen from a British officers' dugout. Return engagement of R. C. Sherriff's play with a new cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LADIES ALL—An airy anecdote about a transient Casanova who wanted to be sure he wouldn't be lonely. With Violet Heming and Walter Woolf. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE LAST MILE—An intensely interesting and finely depressing account of an attempted jailbreak and the causes leading up to it. (Harris, 42, W.)

LYSISTRATA—Good hearty slapstick from the Greek of Aristophanes, with good hearty sex for its theme. The players include Blanche Yurka and Ernest Truex. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE NINTH GUEST—Wholesale killings which may not exactly upset you but which have a certain macabre interest. (Eltinge, 42, W.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Light comedy which might have been salacious if it weren't so nice and clean. Easily the best of its class. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THAT'S THE WOMAN—A. E. Anson, Phoebe Foster, and others in one of Bayard Veiller's marches toward the solution of a murder. (Fulton, 46, W.)

TOPAZE—The entertaining adventures (from the French) of a hyper-honest school teacher who makes good in business by adopting business methods. Frank Morgan makes a genuine character of the hero. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

TORCH SONG—The story of how Love survived Religion, with Mayo Methot as the Salvation Army lass who tried both. Mr. Arthur Hopkins has the honor of producing the season's first hit. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Some very funny lines indeed, set in a fairly conventional comedy of young married misunderstandings. Roger Pryor, Albert Hackett, and Sally Bates are in a fine cast. (Masque, 45, W.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly are four as funny people as could be crowded into one show. This particular show happens to be very dirty. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr neighing his way, amid constant screams from the audience, through a good musical show which boasts a DeSylva-Brown-and-Henderson score and Oscar Shaw. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GARRICK GAIETIES—Some good sketches and some fair tunes, with a lot of young people to supply spirit. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE SECOND LITTLE SHOW—Not, as everyone has so well said, as good as last year's, but diverting enough. Al Trahan and Jay Flippen work at the comedy and Ruth Tester and others, especially the chorus, handle the rest. (Royale, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

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VAUDEVILLE—Irene Bordoni, Fred Keating, Frank Fay, and Duke Ellington's orchestra will be at the Palace Fri., Sept. 12. Gus Van, Zelma O'Neal, Clyde Cook, and Harriet Hoctor will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Sept. 13. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

THE RHAPSODY—George M. Cohan's production of a play by Louis K. Anspacher, with Louis Calhern and Julia Hoyt. Opens Mon., Sept. 15. (Cort, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

LUANA—A musical version of Richard Walton Tully's play, "The Bird of Paradise." Music by Rudolf Friml. Opens Tues., Sept. 16. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53. 8:30 P.M.)

SYMPHONY IN TWO FLATS—A comedy by and with Ivor Novello. Opens Tues., Sept. 16. (National, 41, W. 8:50 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

THE LONG ROAD—Otto Kruger in a play by Hugh Stange. (Longacre, 48, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—A new comedy by and with Frank Craven. (John Golden, 58, E. 8:50 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden for dinner dancing in the Park Avenue manner.*

(Continued on page 12)

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THE NEW YORKER
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A Policy of Frankness

IN recent years there has developed an increasing tendency on the part of forward-looking corporations to take their stockholders and the public more fully into their confidence.

With few exceptions, hardly any business of the first magnitude is any longer a private enterprise. Most of the major industries are publicly owned, and their operating officials recognize both the obligation of frankness to the owners and the benefit which can accrue from widespread public support based on complete public understanding.

General Motors has been privileged to take an advanced stand in promoting this new era in the relationship between so-called "Big Business" and the people.

The Corporation publishes not only annual and quarterly statements of earnings. It also publishes each month exactly how many cars have been sold to the dealers and delivered by them to the public. By statements to stockholders, and by frequent releases to the financial sections of the daily newspapers, timely and accurate information is given regarding its operations both in this country and abroad, its investments in related industries, and the important developments in its progress and plans.

General Motors believes that this policy of telling the facts has done much to strengthen the confidence of the American people in their important industries, and that this increased confidence is well reflected in the generally increased number of owners of common stocks.

The stockholders of General Motors, who were less than two thousand in 1917, increased to more than 71,000 at the beginning of 1929, and are more than 240,000 at the present time.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

(Continued from page 10)

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Dinner and after-theatre dancing to Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—An attractive after-theatre place with Emil Coleman's orchestra, Rosita and Ramon, and Frances Maddux.*

ROOFS—St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), dinner and supper, with a magnificent view, Vincent Lopez music, and dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress. . . . Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), an old favorite for dinner dancing; open until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . For a good view of the harbor: Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100); and St. George Roof, Clark St., Brooklyn (Main 10000). . . . Other roofs, and apt to be full of out-of-towners: Astor, B'way at 44; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; and Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45; New Yorker Terrace Restaurant, 8 Ave. at 34; and Commodore Summer Garden, Lexington at 42, aren't roofs, but are cool and airy.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two of the few night clubs open are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night, and frequented by Broadway celebrities, rowdies, and others who hate to go to bed before sunrise; and Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, no cover charge, and a rough and elaborate revue (also open for dinner).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour, more or less, from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246—Dancing and refreshments on the terrace.

HOLLYWOOD GARDENS, Pelham P'kway—Open-air dining and dancing, with Ted Fiorito's orchestra, and a revue at 9 and midnight.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I.—Music by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

RICHARDS', Bronx River P'kway, Tuckahoe, N.Y.—Rodney Lambert's orchestra.

NOTES—For dinner only (no dancing): Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I., excellent food and expensive. . . . Coney Island tourists in search of sea-food dinners might try: Feltmans, Surf Ave., Coney Island; or Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

ANIMAL CRACKERS—A Long Island house-party, with the Marx Brothers in fine form. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

THE BIG HOUSE—Some effective inside pictures of prison life. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.)

HELL'S ANGELS—The best of the aviation pictures, in spite of a very poor story. (Criterion, B'way at 44; and Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

LINCOLN—The great legend, in the D. W. Griffith manner, with first-rate acting by Walter Huston. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

MOBY DICK—Talkie version of the Melville tale, of value for its fine sea scenes. With John Barrymore again. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

MONTE CARLO—A gay light piece with music, Jeanette MacDonald, and Jack Buchanan. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

OLD ENGLISH—From Galsworthy's play, with George Arliss again as the quick-witted octogenarian. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT—Lillian Gish in Molnar's comedy about the marital problems of royal families. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 13-16; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

STORM OVER ASIA—A Russian picture of an uprising among the Mongols, with striking and beautiful scenes. Silent. (Cameo, 42, E. of B'way; performances continuous from noon.)

THE UNHOLY THREE—Lon Chaney in a talkie of his old silent picture. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 17-19; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—A potpourri of current events. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "All Quiet on the Western Front," life in the trenches shown in fearless, thorough, and terrifying scenes; "Journey's End," the play finely screened, with Colin Clive of the original London cast; "Raffles," Ronald Colman excellent as the First Gentleman of the Underworld; "Romance," Greta Garbo giving a fine performance in Edward Sheldon's prewar drama of the rector and the prima donna.

ART

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group—Kuniyoshi, Dickinson, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—A résumé of the various exhibits of last season, showing some fine canvases by Van Gogh, Matisse, Cézanne, Burchfield, Demuth, Marin, etc.: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—The various French masters of the earlier days—Degas, Sisley, Monet, and other men who became famous with this house: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

NEWCOMERS—Some lesser-known contemporary Americans in a new fall show: 6th floor, Macy's, B'way at 34. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

NOTE—The remarkable Havemeyer collection may still be found in Galleries 20-25 of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

ON THE AIR

ELLIOT SHAW—Baritone soloist, in Atwater-Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., Sept. 14, at 9:15, over WEAF.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—White conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Sept. 15, at 10, over WJZ.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Sept. 16, at 9:30, over WABC.

RCA-VICTOR HOUR—Madame Schumann-Heink, Martha Attwood, and Reinald Werrenrath will be soloists, with Shilkret conducting orchestra, in program dedicated to the American Legion: Thurs. Eve., Sept. 18, at 10, over WEAF and WJZ.

EDGAR WALLACE—Speaking on "American Crime from an English Viewpoint," broadcast from London: Fri. Aft., Sept. 12, at 4:45, over WEAF.

DWIGHT W. MORROW—U. S. Ambassador to Mexico, speaking from Mexico City, in Collier's Hour: Sun. Eve., Sept. 14, at 8:30, over WJZ.

EDITH MEISER—Of the "Garrick Gaieties:" Mon. Aft., Sept. 15, at 4:30, over WABC.

NOTE—The America's Cup Races, off Newport, will be broadcast daily from the course, over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds (Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:20 P.M.): Giants vs. St. Louis, Fri., Sept. 12; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sat. through Mon., Sept. 13-15; Giants vs. Chicago, Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 16-18; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 19 and 20. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

DOG SHOWS—Somerset Hills Kennel Club, Far Hills, N.J., Fri., Sept. 12. . . . Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, N.Y., Sat., Sept. 13.

GOLF—P.G.A. Tournament, Fresh Meadow C.C., Flushing, L.I.: last two days, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 12 and 13.

HORSE SHOWS—Far Hills Horse Show, Far Hills, N.J., Fri. and Sat., Sept. 12 and 13. . . . North Shore Horse Show, Smithtown, L.I., Fri. and Sat., Sept. 19 and 20.

HUNT RACES—Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., Sat. Aft., Sept. 13.

POLO—If a third match, U.S. vs. Great Britain, is necessary it will be played at International Field, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., Sat. Aft., Sept. 13, at 4. (Special trains will leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 1 to 2:50 P.M.)

RACING—Belmont Park: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., through Wed., Sept. 17. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.) . . . Aqueduct: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., starting Thurs., Sept. 18. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

TENNIS—Men's National Singles Tournament, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I.: semi-finals and finals, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Sept. 12 and 13, at 2:30. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 1:33 and 2:07 P.M.)

YACHTING—America's Cup Races, U.S. vs. Great Britain, off Newport, R.I., Sat., Sept. 13, and Mon. through Sat., Sept. 15-20. (For directions to get to the races see notes at end of "YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN," page 52.) . . . Championship races on Long Island Sound: Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Sept. 13; Indian Harbor Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Sept. 20.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT seems to us that the prices charged for the International polo games were little short of vulgar. A ten-dollar seat won you a place far down toward the goal-posts. To get anywhere at all on the west, or preferred side, cost $13.75. The reason for this is clearly discernible. Big money is America's curious idea of elegance and culture. Our audiences have taken to hooting and catcalling at tennis matches, thus, in the estimation of some people, reducing that dignified game to the level of sandlot baseball, but, by the gods, says the United States Polo Association, polo is going to remain a ree-fined sport for swell people. The danger is that the polo tradition in this country will become one with the movies' eleven-dollar, silver-ticket, world-première tradition. It

will become, we predict, even worse. Large flashy men with necktie pins made of diamonds will stand around in hotel lobbies and announce: "Set me back fifty bucks to take the little woman to the polo game, but it was worth it."

IN the opinion of a tall, frightened man whom we know well, the trouble with women now seems to be that they have become too capable. Capable, we hasten to add, of anything. Principally they are capable of regulating their lives to industrial achievement. Rise at eight-thirty, two minutes to wash, one minute to start the coffee, five minutes to dress and powder the nose, three minutes for a spot of coffee, two to find hat, gloves, and purse—at nine o'clock they are at the office, fit, spry, and looking fairly presentable. This kind of life prevents them from spending two hours in the morning

lolling in the bathtub; and it used to be those two hours in the tub, contends this tall, frightened man, that gave women that peculiar dreamy uncertainty of character and thought which was their whole charm.

WE chanced the other night to see the lamps which the city from time immemorial has installed at the home of each mayor. Those of Mayor Walker in St. Luke's Place are set on standards like newel posts on the stoop baluster. They are slender, chaste, and beautiful. That seems to us what is the matter with them. A bit of austerity may have been all very well in Dutch days when the mayor's home needed lamps by night so that citizens might find him in a hurry to put out a fire or take a roisterer to the lockup, but it does not accord with

things as they are now. A 1930-model mayor ought to have real New York lights in front of his home, something anybody could see. The seal of the city, maybe, or his portrait in incandescent tubes, or the tricolor flag of the city all wiggly and flickery with a red running neon arrow shooting along on a ten-second circuit and ending in a grand flash, "Mayor!" or "Vote for the Original," or something of that sort. If the mayor lived in an apartment house or a hotel, which is something that will have to be faced sooner or later anyway, the light could be two or three stories deep and no street lamps would be needed along the entire block. We would suggest that perhaps each mayor could be given a special light designed by a municipal board comprising David Belasco, the General Outdoor Advertising Company, and whoever it was carved the statue of Civic Virtue.

AGAINST what often seem impossible odds, the Carnegie Institution of Washington forges ahead in its

scientific work. Every once in a while its investigators run up against a stone wall, such as the one they faced in their study of the sex life of bread mold. They have ascertained that mold has a sex life, and that there are two kinds of mold—male mold and female mold. They have even observed certain charming responses when the two are thrown together—the microscopic ecstasy of parasitical love. What they haven't discovered is: which mold is which—which the male and which the female. Until they know this, they hardly know how to go ahead; and until *we* know, we shall have to go right on treating moldy bread as always—throw it away. It's nice to know, of course, that it is hav-

ing a love life in the garbage can, cost Andrew Carnegie what it may.

Short of Requirements

JOBS, it seems, are as scarce on the waterfront as in some other places. We have been told about one ship's officer who carries a certificate testifying that he is qualified to command "steam vessels of any gross tons, in any ocean," who has for months been unable to get a berth. In dire straits, he decided to seek employment ashore. Hearing of a concern over in Brooklyn which needed men for a sort of strong-arm squad to protect its warehouses, he went over to apply. The foreman who interviewed him seemed doubtful; thought maybe he wasn't husky enough. The sailor stoutly insisted he was. "All right, we'll see," said the foreman. "Hey, Joe," he shouted, "wrestle this guy!" Joe was a big brute of a fellow, but the sailor in desperation took him on, and after ten minutes arose triumphant, his only suit pretty tattered. The foreman told him to come back the next day; and next day, aching but hopeful, he returned. "Am I hired?" he asked. "Naw," said the foreman. "We decided you wasn't tall enough."

Science

A FRIEND back from a trip west reports a new dodge the rum-runners near Detroit have to outwit the government men. It used to be that, whenever a cutter threatened to overhaul their launches, they would have to dump their cargoes of Canadian liquor overboard, thus to remove the evidence. This meant a heavy loss as the cases floated around and were easily picked up and confiscated. Now the bootleggers carry heavy cubes of rock salt and in the event of a dangerous pursuit these are attached to the liquor cases by cords and both are thrown overboard. The salt, being heavy, sinks, taking the contraband down. Under water the salt starts dissolving and in a certain time the cases bob up to the surface, where they can be reclaimed. The length of time the liquor is under water depends on the hardness of the rock salt used and the amount, and these are carefully calculated. It was, so the story goes, the idea of a prominent chemical engineer who fell in with an almost equally prominent bootlegger last winter at Cannes, and suggested it just to help him along.

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A COUPLE of girls left a matinée of "Lysistrata" last week apparently somewhat disappointed. "Oh, I suppose it was all you could expect," said one of them. "After all, those Greeks didn't have much of an education."

No. 1

SIX years ago, when Watson Webb beat out Eric Pedley for No. 1 on the American polo team that went to England that year, California raised a great protest. Rick Pedley is a Californian, and the state feels strongly about polo. The game was played out there as early as it was here—earlier, some say. Bias in favor of Eastern gentlemen has always been claimed by the West, with much talk about the "Meadow Brook Clique" which ran things to its own liking. The pother all died down this year, of course, when Pedley made No. 1 on the American team, the first non-Easterner ever to be named on an International.

The Pedleys have been horsemen for generations. Eric's grandfather won the English Derby in 1847, with a horse named Cossack. Pedley's father played polo in India as a member of the Royal Engineers, and was a notable all-round athlete at home in England. The American No. 1's ancestors are all British, on both sides, and he might have been playing with England against us if he had joined up with the British army during the war, as he intended to. He was on the verge of it, having just come of age, when America entered the war. He enlisted in our army.

Pedley's parents came to this country before he was born, to go into ranching and orange-raising out West. British capital helped greatly to start the fruit industry around Riverside, where the Pedleys settled. In California the elder Pedley continued to play polo, and his son took it up in his early teens. He was ranked at one goal when he was eighteen, playing in the Panama-Pacific Exposition games against Milburn and Stevenson and Webb, without, however, attracting much attention. It was after the war that he began playing polo in earnest, although other sports

"Yes, you can hear through the walls, but we have only the most interesting people in this house."

"Imagine me letting a deal like that slip through my fingers!"

• •

had held his interest for a time, including boxing.

As a member of the Midwick Country Club polo team, he became a sport idol. His team came east in 1924 and won both the Open and the Junior Championships, a feat accomplished only once before by any team in polo history. After this, he was invited to try out for the American team to play against England, and it was then that the veteran left-hander, Webb, was selected instead. California papers had sent on correspondents, they sent back promising reports, and it was just too bad. Anyway, he was named a sub, the first man west of the Hudson River so honored in the annals of the sport.

Since then he has been back east twice, in 1926 winning the Open with Laddie Sanford's Hurricanes and last year the Waterbury Memorial, with Jock Whitney's team. Pedley is a broker out West and during his trips east he usually works five days a week in the house's New York office. He hasn't a great deal of money, and only a few fair ponies of his own. He was mounted for the games this year by his friend and fellow-Californian, C. B. Wrightsman. Wrightsman sent his stable east and then came on himself to take charge.

Having an Accident

A GENTLEMAN with a black eye and some deep scratches on his face, who was smashing up a new, nice-looking Cadillac car with a sledge-hammer, attracted quite a little crowd in Forty-fourth Street off Lexington Avenue last Sunday morning. He would wham the car, pause, take a deep breath, and wham it again. He whammed the running-board, the mud-guards, the radiator, and the windshield. "Your car, Mister?" asked one of the bystanders. "My car," said the gentleman, and whammed a headlight. This done, he withdrew a few feet, surveyed the result, and grunted in expression of satisfaction. He then handed the sledge to a garage mechanic—who, it turned out, had lent it to him—got in the car, and drove off. As he disappeared the garageman explained what it had all been about. "Fella got in a fight in a speakeasy last night," he said. "Got beaten up some, so he stayed at a hotel instead of goin' home. Called up his wife an' told her he'd been in an accident. "So"—the garageman shrugged—"so he had to have an accident, see?" The crowd, satisfied with the explanation, dispersed.

Observing Service

OUR agent who keeps us conversant with developments in the Telephone Company relates how it keeps its centrals up to the mark. It's done by listening in on them from time to time. The Service Observing Bureau does this. It's a corps of some three hundred employees, made up

mainly of telephone operators so good that now they act as judges of the others. Their job is listening in on the handling of calls at the various central offices. They can switch in anywhere, any time, and since the operators have no way of knowing whether they're being overheard or not, they have to keep on their mettle. Each call is scored: a wrong number counts so much off, as do cutoffs, slow answers (over ten seconds), and such. Even the little things, such as saying "Number, please" with a falling instead of a rising inflection, or forgetting a "Thank you," mean a point or two deducted. At the end of each month, the total scores for each central office are added up, and everybody is notified. Scores of ninety are considered very good; around seventy is the passing grade.

Another thing: He told us that if one were to look closely at the penholders on the desks in the Company's commercial offices, one would see a little wire leading down from each of them. The things, it seems, each contain a microphone, so the Service Observers can listen in and see how things are going. The man at the desk, knowing that he may be overheard if he makes any untoward remark to a customer, remains courteous no matter what happens. That, at least, is the theory.

One big problem the Company has been struggling with lately concerns the dial telephones in public booths. When these were installed, it quite overlooked the fact that there was no way of checking the time limit on calls: people could, and apparently often do, talk for hours over a public dial phone for a nickel. Experts went to work immediately and have now evolved a new-type dial telephone for public stations, which they will be ready to install shortly. It has a clocking arrangement which automatically breaks your connection at the end of five minutes, shunts you to a phonograph voice which informs you that your time is up, and waits politely for you to drop another nickel in. If you do, you can go right on talking; if you don't, you are automatically disconnected. This device will do away, also automatically, with another thing that takes up a lot of the Company's time nowadays—arguments with people who think the coin-box telephone has cheated them.

Maybe you don't know it, but if, at present, you think you've come off the loser in an encounter with a public telephone, you've only to tell the operator, who will take down the details of the matter, including your name and address. All this is sent to a special department of the Company, which does nothing but mail out nickels and dimes, and soothing little notes, to angry coin-box patrons. It sends out, in this way, an average of about a hundred dollars a week.

First Offence

FRANCE may have banished William Randolph Hearst, but it was an obscure little sergeant of police in Vienna who put no less a person than former Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg in his place. Some American students fell to raising the devil there one night in a beer garden, throwing things, pinching people, and the like. The police came up on the run, blowing whistles. A professor in charge of the party finally managed to placate everybody except a police sergeant, who insisted on making an entry of the incident in a small notebook, as a record. He demanded the professor's passport, and when it was handed to him, examined it grimly. Then, with a flourish, he carefully copied down in his notebook the signature of Mr. Kellogg which was signed to the passport, as it is to many thousand others. This satisfied everybody.

Water

GLANCING up at the steelwork of some new building, you may occasionally have noticed numbers of small, bright-colored objects moving here and there among the girders, too large to be butterflies. They are waterboys, kids from high school for the most part, or college freshmen on vacation, carrying buckets of drinking water around among the steelworkers. Their bright coloration comes from the school jerseys they have a fancy for wearing, and which also make it easier for the workmen, when thirsty, to sight them at a distance. Every construction job has numbers of them swarming about. The Empire State Building, for instance, where thirty-five hundred men are working, has about thirty. Their relation to the rest of the organization is sketchy. Usually, the building contractor hires them, and pays them twenty to twenty-five dollars a week, but a bright boy can make much more than this by doing odd jobs (such as bringing in hot lunches or running for cigarettes) and thinking up little delicacies likely to appeal to a steelworker's taste. For instance, many of them carry a sideline of iced lemonade, or oatmeal-and-water, very refreshing. Among steelburners and welders, there is always a steady trade in buttermilk, which seems to counteract the effect on the throat of the fumes of molten metal.

Radiotherapy

A NEW nurse was engaged recently in the household of one of our most advanced physicians, and the first night, toward eight o'clock, she settled down with a copy of "Mother Goose" to read the doctor's daughter to sleep. The child (aged six, but very up-and-coming) listened placidly through "Peter Piper," dozed over "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," and seemed to be in a fair way for going sound asleep during the reading of "Jack and Jill," until suddenly, at the very end of the poem, she started broad awake again. The poem ends, if you remember, with something about "tum-tum-tum, and Jack mended his crown, with vinegar and brown paper." "Why, that's awful!" cried the doctor's daughter, gazing horror-stricken at the nurse. "Didn't he even have an X-ray taken?"

Old Songs

THE man who gave Mayor Walker his start, if you want to know, is Edward B. Marks, the music publisher. One day in 1905 Walker, then a law clerk, came into Mr. Marks' office with a song entitled "I Like Your Way," for which he had written the lyrics. Mr. Marks read it, thought it was a pretty little thing, and published it. For that matter, Mr. Marks also published Irving Berlin's first song; "Marie from Sunny Italy," it was called, and appeared in 1907. In his thirty-six years in the business, he has copyrighted over eight thousand songs, and if you are any age at all you must remember some of them—"White Wings," for instance; "Take

Back Your Gold," or "In the Baggage Coach Ahead." Or even "When the Bell in the Lighthouse Rings, Ding Dong," "Oh, Didn't He Ramble," "The Little Lost Child," and "Mother Was a Lady," the last two, by the way, written by Mr. Marks himself.

He wrote "The Little Lost Child" in 1894, when he was a travelling salesman for a notions store, and it came about in this way: In Mamaroneck one day, waiting for a train, he fell in with a necktie salesman, Joseph W. Stern, and showed him the verses he'd written. Stern said he'd write the music for it, and did; they sold over a million copies, and went into the publishing business together. A few years ago, Stern retired to grow prize dahlias, and Marks himself doesn't bother much with the music business any more —lets his elder son handle that while he devotes himself to his own hobby, which is buying and selling real estate. Another son, at Dartmouth, has done lyrics for the college shows. Besides real estate, Marks Senior likes tennis, playing a strong game for a man almost seventy, and he goes to the races a lot.

Though they've had their share of hits recently ("The Song of the Islands," which Rudy Vallée has been crooning lately, is one of theirs), the firm was most conspicuous in the days when coon songs were the rage, and they were publishing the songs of Eddie Leonard, Williams and Walker, Cole and Johnson, and other famous minstrels of the time. In fact, Mr. Marks figures that, because of this, in a roundabout way, he had a lot to do with making Harlem what it is now. In 1902, he published "Under the Bamboo Tree," by Cole and Johnson, which made its authors so much money that Cole, who was a Negro, bought a house in West 136th Street, then a white neighborhood, and gave it to his two sisters. Soon the entire block, and later most of Harlem, was occupied by Negroes. Cole is dead now, and his sisters live in Chicago, but the house is still there, No. 102, occupied by the Rosebud Restaurant.

All in all (it's a good place to get this on the record), Mayor Walker wrote the lyrics of nine published songs, of which Marks brought out eight. This was in 1905-6-7. He also wrote six or seven others that Marks rejected. "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" was published by somebody else. This was a hit, as were two others: "I Like Your Way" and "After They Gather the Hay." Our Mayor's other compositions were: "Kiss All the Girls for Me," "So Long, Mr. Jasper Long," "With the Robins I'll Return," "Black Jim," one of the first mammy songs; "In the Valley Where My Sally Said Good-By," one of the first Sally songs; and "There's Music in the Rustle of a Skirt." The lyric of "Kiss All the Girls for Me" contained a prophetic line: "I brought a letter for the Mayor of Broadway." On the copies of "After They Gather the Hay" was the statement: "Introduced by the petite comedienne, Jeanette Allen." This is of interest because Miss Allen became Mrs. Walker. Walker's name, as author of the lyrics, was always printed "J. J. Walker."

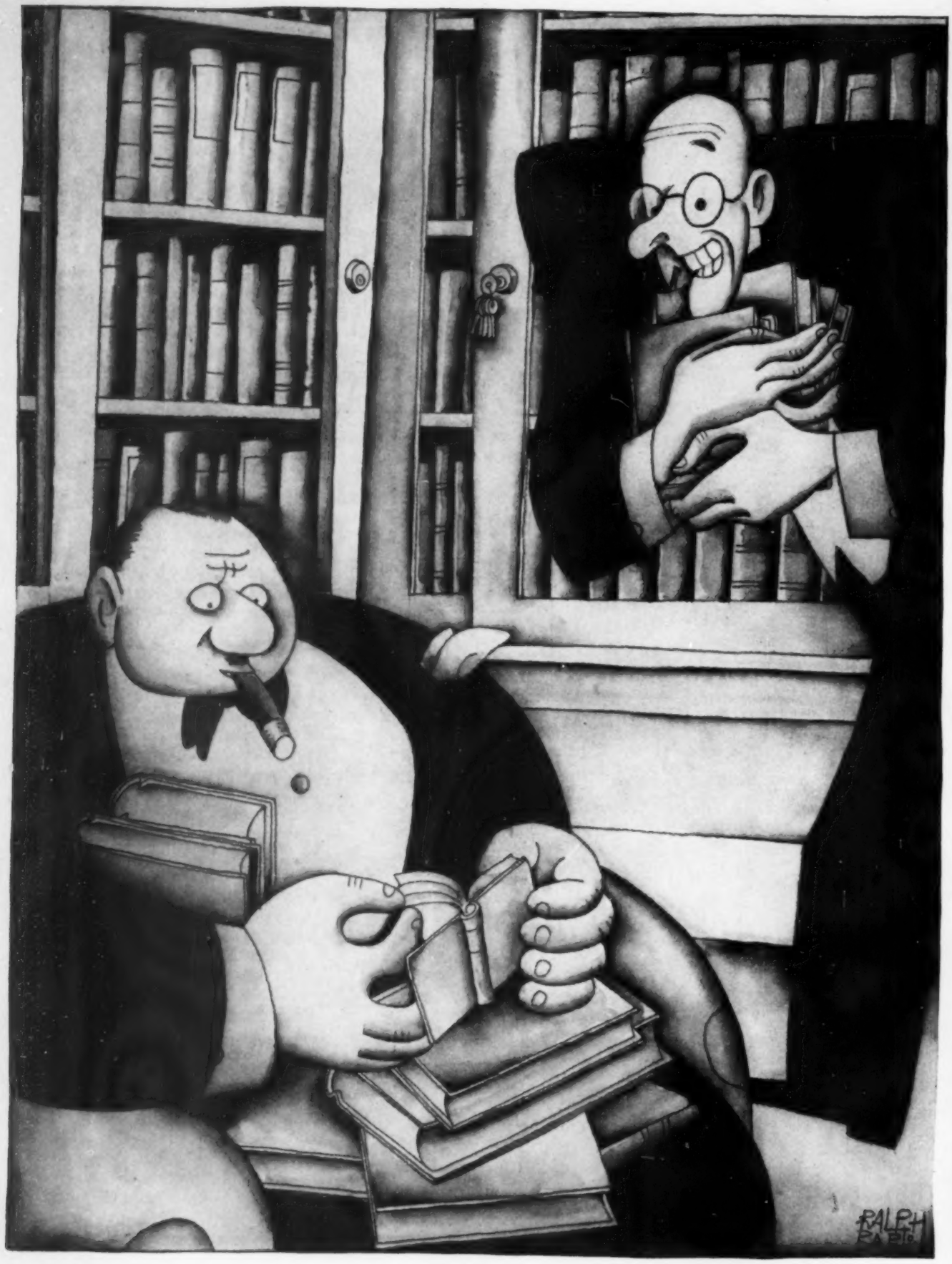
• •

"But I've seen the woild."

Grand Couturier

TO one of those ladies' shops where the manner and talk are pretty formal and elegant went a lady the other day bearing a dress with a buckle that wouldn't work. She was received with dignity by a male clerk who repaired with the garment to the back of the store, and who returned and announced: "Madame's gown requires a new buckle. This one is busted."

—THE NEW YORKERS



THE 1930'S

The Collector of First Editions

ON THE ROAD

"WHAT'S new?" asked Mrs. Sam Mottke casually, as the clerk reached down her key.

The clerk, a young fellow with black, oiled hair which he kept trim with a pocket comb, smiled politely.

"Not a thing."

"By the way," said Mrs. Mottke, "if a lady calls, send her right up."

The clerk nodded, and Mrs. Mottke turned toward the elevator. She felt that a bond, slight but perceptible, of understanding, even of sympathy, existed between her and the clerk. Her feeling had arisen in their talk that morning—a talk which, the clerk was careful to explain, had been forced on him by the manager. Mrs. Mottke waved apologies aside. She knew hotels were not in business for their health. All she could say was that Mr. Mottke had been detained on business unexpectedly: he would be back Saturday at the latest. The clerk inquired tactfully about the luggage, and when she took him up and showed him Mr. Mottke's extra sample-case, made of genuine pigskin, with its three locks and embossed lettering "Zivic Sportswear, Inc.," he said he thought that it would be all right till Saturday, if she was sure. After a conference with the manager he had taken the sample-case down to the office. They would take care of it for Mr. Mottke.

HER room was in twilight, filled with the dusty smell of the city afternoon. She snapped on the light and closed the window, conscious of a vague uneasiness suggested by the empty space at the foot of the bed where the sample-case had stood. Still, she did not regret staying here: Albany would have been a punk place to hang around in, reading the out-of-town papers while he called on the trade. In front of the mirror she stood with her hands raised to her hair, studying herself—a handsome woman of thirty-five, with an alert big-featured face—then for some reason she laughed, and lit a cigarette. The telephone, although she was expecting it, startled her, and she answered with a note of strain in her voice which dropped quickly to indifference:

"Tell her to come up."

Her visitor was about her own age, but slightly stouter and with deep lines, heavily powdered, at the corners of her eyes. She was flashily dressed in a black-and-white silk ensemble with a hat to match.

"Well, honey, are you still—all alone?" she asked tenderly and significantly, as Mrs. Mottke closed the door.

The latter smiled assent. She had met her new friend the evening before in a speakeasy where she had gone for supper in an effort to cheer herself up; when the conversation became personal—a direction which it took very rapidly—she explained her predicament, and received sympathy. For her part, Miss Gaw was going to Chicago, and she suggested that Mrs. Mottke might come along if her affairs turned out badly; she even hinted that she would help to the extent of an advance against expenses.

"When are you hitting out for Chi?" asked Mrs. Mottke, anxious to revive that part of the discussion.

Miss Gaw grinned. "It's all off. I wouldn't go there now if they offered me a house on Lakeside Boulevard."

"Something broke for you, eh?"

"Not yet, but something will. You want to know where we're going? Old A.C."

Mrs. Mottke looked puzzled.

"Atlantic City," appended Miss Gaw. "Old A.C., I always call it. Some girls I know called me up, and told me about it. We're leaving tomorrow morning."

She paused.

"Well," said Mrs. Mottke. "Have a good time."

"Don't be telling me to have a good time; get hold of a good time, and keep it for yourself." Her tone changed. "Can't you arrange to come along with us, sweetheart?"

"Maybe . . ."

"Not maybe. Tell me certain. You surely can, can't you?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Mottke slowly. "I have to wait—and see."

"WELL, suit yourself," said Miss Gaw after a silence. "Only I'd hate to be in old A.C., and think of you stuck here with a big bill. I know what it is."

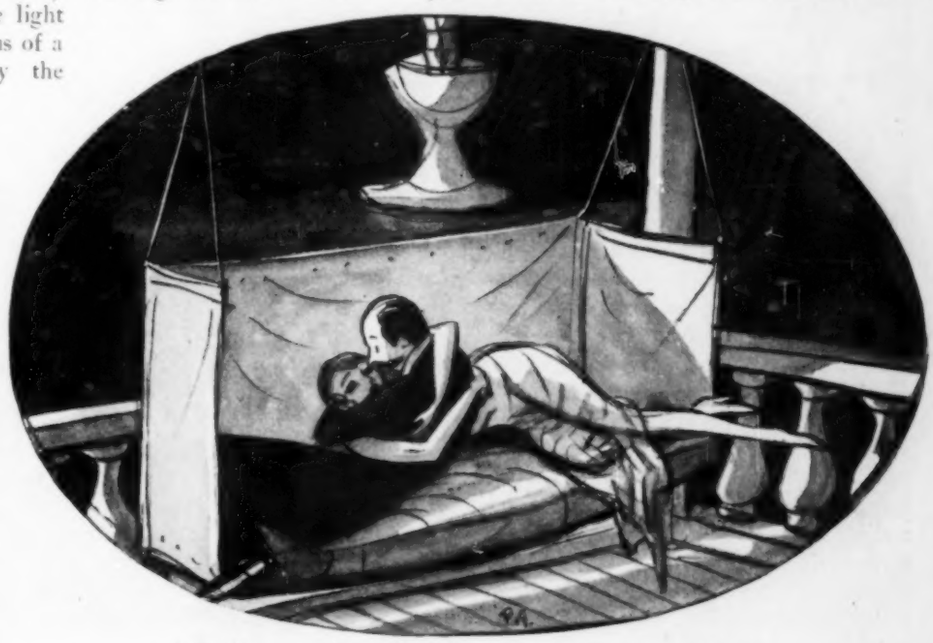
"Don't worry—he'll be back."

"I hope so, for your sake, honey. How much did you pay for that waist?"

"Four-ninety-five," said Mrs. Mottke.

Miss Gaw leaned forward and felt the silk. "You got a bargain. Say, let me show you why we're going to old A.C. I brought it along to show you—take a look."

Opening her bag as she spoke, she produced a clipping which she thrust into Mrs. Mottke's hand. It was a story from a New York morning paper, headlined "100,000 ELKS CONVENE." While Miss Gaw leaned back in her chair, her legs crossed and her whole body expressive of indolence and satisfaction, Mrs. Mottke held the



"Tell me, Mrs. Creighton, has there ever been any insanity in your family?"

". . . But no onions.
You see, we're going out this evening."

clipping to the light and slowly read it through. The writer, who did not sign his name, had composed a vivid description of the preparations that were being made at the shore resort for receiving the great convention, which was to last ten days. He listed some of the hotels at which the Elks held reservations, and gave the names of some prominent Elks who were expected to attend. There were to be banquets, parades, and smokers, and a session for the whole outfit every afternoon in the convention hall. Mrs. Mottke was impressed.

"They're spenders, too," said Miss Gaw, as though adding an unuttered comment of her friend's.

Mrs. Mottke ran her finger thoughtfully along the edge of the clipping.

"If I only knew . . . how it was going to be," she said as though to herself. "What is the latest I can let you know?"

"Here, take my number," said Miss Gaw, producing a pencil. "Any time in the morning. But we don't have to say goodbye now, huh? Where are you eating?"

MRS. MOTTKE was ready to eat anywhere at all, but insisted on changing her clothes first. She got a bottle of Scotch out of the closet and, while she was dressing, Miss Gaw phoned for some ice and they had a drink. They were having another, chattering amiably, their cheeks pink under their rouge and their eyes sparkling, when from the door they heard the unmistakable metallic rustle of a key sliding into the lock. Both women, with their glasses in their hands, turned round and sat staring in silence, as though petrified. The lock turned with a click, the door opened, and in the doorway appeared a short man in a gray fedora, with a tweed overcoat on his arm, followed by a bellboy carrying a small grip and a large sample-case.

"Put 'em right here," he said to the bellboy, dropping some change into his hand.

Mrs. Mottke put down her glass. She stood up, and after swaying for a second like women in the cinema on seeing their husbands or lovers returned to them unexpectedly, made a dash for the short man and took hold of his neck.

"Sam," she cried. "Honey! Gee, I'm glad to see you."

He patted her cheek, winking in a friendly way over her shoulder at Miss Gaw. Mrs. Mottke turned around and introduced them.

"How do you do?" said Miss Gaw. "Well, I guess it's time for me to trot along."

"What's your hurry?" said Sam Mottke.

"Stay a while," said Mrs. Mottke.

But Miss Gaw was firm. She said her goodbyes, reminding Mrs. Mottke to get in touch with her.

"Bye, bye," she called a last time from the hall, blowing a coquettish kiss in the direction of Mr. Mottke.

"BYE, bye," echoed Mrs. Mottke. She closed the door and turned rather wearily into the room. Already Mr. Mottke had his suitcase on the bed and was beginning to unpack it. "Who's the girl friend?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Just—someone I happened to meet," said Mrs. Mottke. "You wouldn't want me to go nuts with lonesomeness, would you?"

Mr. Mottke lifted out a bundle of soiled shirts. "There was more business than I expected," he said, shaking his head. "I meant to wire you, but you know how it is—each day I thought, what's the use? Tomorrow I'll be home."

"It was all right about me, dear," said Mrs. Mottke softly. "You should have let the hotel know—that's all."

Mr. Mottke straightened up. "Did they make trouble?"

"Well—some. When you were gone six days they naturally—"

"Ha!" said Mr. Mottke, looking around. "They took the sample-case. That's what kind of a bunch they are, huh?"

"It was the manager. The clerk is a nice boy."

"They didn't open it?"

Mrs. Mottke shook her head.

"They better not," said Mr. Mottke. "There's pretty near a thousand dollars' worth of summer models in that case." Sliding his empty suitcase under the bed, he grinned and sat down in the room's one easy-chair.

"My God, baby, I had a crazy trip. Good business, but in one way it was bad. I met a fellow named Al Goldfarb. You have heard me speak about him?"

"He's from your home town, isn't he?"

"From my home town, that's right."

Mr. Mottke slowly cut and lit a cigar. He seemed about to say something more about Mr. Goldfarb, but instead looked at his watch and suggested dinner. Mrs. Mottke appended the motion that they finish off the bottle first, and it was largely owing to this idea that their dinner in a Broadway chop-house was pleasant to the point of hilarity. In celebration of his homecoming, he had bought tickets to a musical show, and Mrs. Mottke, feeling that everything was turning out all right, leaned her head on his shoulder and laughed so loud at the comedian's wisecracks that the woman in front turned round and asked her to shut up.

AFTER the show they walked home arm in arm. Their hotel, a fairly small one, was close to the theatre; Mrs. Mottke felt sorry that they reached it so soon. She would have enjoyed walking farther in the warm blue evening, under the night sky in which the great electrical signs blazed with exciting colors. She did not want to talk, but knew that an argument was in the air and did not feel surprised when, on reaching the room, Mr. Mottke set it going. He obviously wanted to straighten things out between them.

"But I tell you, you don't know this fellow Goldfarb," he insisted in answer to some objection. "He lives right on the same street, one block away from my house. He knows—the whole family. If he finds out—good night!"

"I don't see why he has to know."

"Now listen," said Mr. Mottke. "You must be reasonable. He's here all week, doing business with me. How can I keep him out?"

"Tell him—"

"You can't tell him nothing. He's got a big mouth like you can't imagine."

Mrs. Mottke walked to the window and looked down into the street. She said in a controlled voice: "Why didn't you leave me in Pittsburgh then, where I was having a good time?"

Mr. Mottke hesitated. He took off his collar, then crossed the room and put his arm around her.

"Why be sore, baby? You can make trouble, but you wouldn't want to, would you, huh?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Mottke.

"Listen—I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'll pay your fare to Pittsburgh, and some spending cash, and I'll pay the hotel like I said. We can be friends. Now—is that fair and square?"

Mrs. Mottke turned slowly and looked at him. Suddenly she grinned and patted his cheek.

"Oh, it's all right, Sam. We're friends."

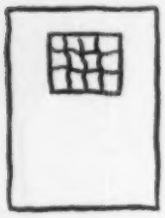
THOUGHTS of a new adventure just ahead lifted her momentary depression and made her happy. She'd never go near Pittsburgh, she decided, but the amount of the fare would more than take her to Atlantic City. She could hardly wait for morning to come, so that she could get in touch with Pearl Gaw, and lying in bed she tried to imagine what the seashore was like and what sort of people they would meet there. As she fell asleep she found herself in her first dreams at a banquet of Elks, all eating noisily, sitting next to the Elk-in-Chief, who wore a paper cap, and made everyone laugh by saying funny things like the comedian in the show.

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

"Don't argue, Miss! I'm not in the mood."

HOW TO MAKE A CAT TRAP

ANYONE who can use a square, a saw, and a hammer can make a cat trap. It is well, however, to have a blueprint to go by, and if possible a particular cat in mind that you want to trap; for if you were to make a trap that didn't work, or even made a trap that worked and caught a cat you didn't want, I can't see that there would be anything gained on either side.



The trap from the rear

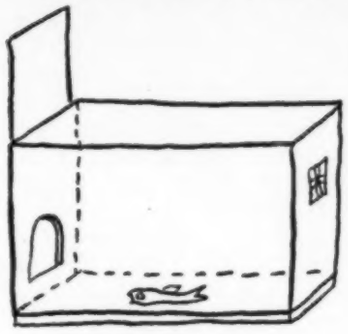
The following materials are necessary for building the trap: one twelve-inch board fourteen feet long, one one-and-a-half-inch strip seven feet long, one three-quarter-inch strip two feet long, twenty inches of No. 3 gage wire, two small screw-eyes, one piece of wire netting six inches square, and a little piece of fresh fish.

Cut the twelve-inch board to make the following pieces: one bottom board thirty inches long, one top board twenty-eight and a half inches long, two side boards twenty-nine and a quarter inches long, one treadle board twenty-seven inches long, one drop board thirteen and a half inches long, one end board ten and a half inches long. Now put the little piece of fresh fish away in the icebox, sweep up the sawdust, and look what you've done to the floor already.

Looking directly at the trap

Cut the one-and-one-half inch strip to make the following pieces: two drop-door guides twenty-four inches long, two drop-door guides eleven and one-fourth inches long, one fulcrum piece for treadle ten and one-half inches long. Cut or plane a quarter of an inch from the edge of the treadle board so that it will move freely inside the trap without binding. Cut a V-shaped groove about a quarter of an inch deep across the treadle at right angles and thirteen and one-half inches from the front end to fit over the top of the fulcrum. If you are unable, or unwilling, to cut a V-shaped groove, cut an S-shaped, or even an R-shaped groove. It will be all one to the people who live in the same building.

Except for the fulcrum, which is impossible to construct, nothing is so difficult to construct in the cat trap as the door guides. They are very hard. Cut or plane the fulcrum piece to a ridge one inch high, to fit into the groove in the treadle. Cut or plane the edges of the drop door so that it will slide freely in the guides after the cat is in. (Incidentally, you ought to begin looking around for a cat—the disappointment of building a cat trap and having no use for it is real.) Now then, cut an opening four by five inches in the centre of the rear-end board and tack a piece of wire netting over it to provide ventilation. A stuffy cat trap is worse than no cat trap! Nail the bottom, sides, top, and end in position to form the box. Screw one screw-eye into the top of the treadle half an inch from the right side and seventeen and one-half inches from the front end. Screw the second screw-eye into the piano for all I care. The trap should be given two coats of paint inside and out, and the apartment should be completely done over, walls, floors, and ceilings. While the paint is drying, a good way to utilize your time is to cook the little piece of fish and eat it.



Cross section of the completed trap

The simplest and most humane way of disposing of the trapped cat is to gas it. Insert into the trap a tablespoonful of calcium cyanide or a wad of cotton saturated with one ounce of carbon disulphide or chloroform. A heavy blanket thrown over the trap will assist in keeping the gas confined and will ruin the blanket. CAUTION: Carbon disulphide is highly explosive and inflammable and calcium cyanide and its fumes are extremely toxic; but if you're going to trap cats you've got to expect a few hard knocks.

Some people prefer to shoot a cat rather than trap it. To such people I have nothing to say, but I have usually found that they didn't know how to use tools.

—E. B. W.

• •

LOST—EIGHTEEN PER CENT

[Newspapers report that the population of Manhattan has declined eighteen per cent in the past year.]

O lost Eighteen Per Cent,
Why were you not content?
Was it the rent?
The soot? The noise?
Was it the curse of small bad boys
Playing street tag, hell-bent
To skin a shin or crack a brain?
Was it the subways? Was it the rain
Splashed by a five-and-fifteen taxi
That jarred upon your ataraxy?

Was it the stench of gasoline?
Or maybe some faithless slot machine
That took your penny and gave you naught?
Or was it the thought
Of your getting caught
Forever in this racking grind,
With the better days of your life behind—
What with pay so small,
And a lease to be signed,
And the children growing up, and all?

O wise Eighteen Per Cent,
I wonder where you went:
To Radburn, where the houses grow
Model row on model row,
All set just so,
With safe and antiseptic streets
And baby carriages in fleets?
To Great Neck, where the actors sport,
And life is gay and tenures short?
To Bronxville, Rockaway, Mt. Kisco;
To Brighton Beach or San Francisco?
To Pelham for the social season,
Or Newark for no earthly reason?

I wonder if you're now content.
I wonder if you're glad you went.
Have you at last contrived to find
All the things you had in mind—
Escapement from this urban riot,
Peace, and certainty, and quiet,
A balanced greens-and-roughage diet?
Have you? I'm thinking I might try it.

—JOHN OGDEN WHEDON

THE LIFE OF CRIME

JOHN DELARME'S secretary brought the bootlegger into his office at four o'clock. At a quarter to five, mellower by four sample drinks of Green River, De Larme said: "How about coming up to the house for dinner? Just up in Seventy-fifth Street."

At the moment the bootlegger seemed to him the most completely satisfactory character he had ever met. He was a pale young man with an obsequious smile, but it was clear that he could be both quick and ruthless. It seemed very important to DeLarme that he get to know the bootlegger better, to make him understand that he wasn't just another sucker who paid too much money for bad whiskey, that, potentially at least, he too was hard and reckless—a man who under different circumstances might very easily have been a bootlegger himself.

DeLarme was an excellent customer, and the bootlegger said politely: "How about your wife? Ain't she going to raise hell?"

"Oh no," said DeLarme. "It'll be fine. I'll just telephone."

He had no misgivings about this. Beatrice, he knew from experience, had a flair for strange and violent characters—taxi-drivers, sly yellow girls in Harlem cabarets, bartenders in speakeasies. Her attitude with them seemed to him admirable. She was friendly and direct, not openly patronizing, but always reserving for herself a tincture of aloofness, a good-natured and almost imperceptible mockery. It was the attitude of a worldly woman listening to the callow and preposterous confessions of a college boy. He counted on her very heavily in his campaign against the contempt which he felt underlay the bootlegger's too-perfect politeness.

BOTH Beatrice and the bootlegger justified DeLarme's expectations. The gin for the cocktails was provided by the bootlegger, who classified it as a sample and refused to accept any payment.

"I suppose," said Beatrice, sipping hers, "that you're going to try to tell me that this was imported—just off a boat, or something."

"No, ma'am," said the bootlegger, "we mix it up down in my flat, in the bathtub. It's government alcohol though. It's all right."

It was a notable evening. The bootlegger was not reluctant to talk about his trade. He told them dispassionately of hijackings; of silent, unlighted boats bringing liquor and sometimes dead men into Long Island inlets; of trucks labelled with the names of department stores rumbling down to deserted docks and, more heavily, away again; of violent, expected deaths in Brooklyn alleys; of fantastic bribes pushed across speakeasy tables. . . .

"You wouldn't believe that the Fed-

"I'll never take her to the country again. The whole day she was running around like crazy and didn't gain a solitary pound."

eral men held out for ten grand on that stuff you're drinking now, would you, lady? And a guy got knocked off while we were bringing it over from Brooklyn."

"For synthetic gin," said Beatrice fastidiously, "it *does* seem a little excessive."

That, her husband recognized, was her secret. She commented on all the fantastic brutal things these people told her as if they were something she had seen in a melodramatic moving picture. Translated thus into the terms of her own safe and cultivated life, they were entertaining enough, but quite unreal and a little ridiculous.

"Yes, ma'am," said the bootlegger. "This little cokey was riding the truck with Mahty. They was coming through West Twelfth when a guy pulled alongside them in a big Cadillac. 'All right, brother,' he says, 'pull it over.' The cokey was hopped to the eyes, and he starts to go for his gun right there. This was about four o'clock in the morning, see? Well, Mahty tells him to lay off. He wants to give the boy in the Caddy a chanct, see? 'On your way, fella,' he hollers to him, 'before somebody gets hurt.' Well, the guy don't pay no attention to him. He starts crowding in with the Caddy, trying to shove the truck up against the curb. Well, Mahty sees it ain't no use talking, and he lets the cokey go to it. Guy had four slugs into him quicker'n you could count. Them cokeys are poison."

"They sound," said Beatrice calmly, "a little impulsive."

"That ain't the word for them, lady," said the bootlegger. "They'd knife their own grandmother for a nickel. I remember I had one of 'em with me one night I was bringing a truck in from Far Rockaway . . ."

The evening went on in this key until half-past ten, when DeLarme and his wife took the bootlegger to the door.

"Remember," she said, holding out her hand, "the next time you go riding in one of your trucks I'm coming with you. You've got to promise me."

"Sure, lady," said the bootlegger.

The door closed and DeLarme put his arm around his wife's waist. He felt comfortably superior to the bootlegger now.

"Darling," he said, "you're wonderful."

AT eleven o'clock the bootlegger entered a speakeasy at Sixth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street. He passed through the bar and into the back room. A blonde girl sitting alone at a table in the corner looked up as he came in.

"Well," she said, "where the hell *you* been?"

"Hello, baby," said the bootlegger, sitting down. "How's tricks?"

"Never mind about that," said the girl sharply. "Where you been?"

The bootlegger grinned.

"Just having dinner with the Park Avenue trade," he said. "I been telling them about the life of crime. Baby, did they eat it up!"

"Yeah?" said the girl.

"Yeah," he said, "but that ain't the half of it. You should have seen this guy's wife. Dumb, but some doll! And what a play she made for me! I don't know how come he didn't catch on. Particularly at the end when she says I got to promise to take her for a ride on one of the trucks."

"That's a hot one," said the girl.

"Ain't it?" said the bootlegger. "I come near laughing in her face, it was so raw." —Wolcott Gibbs

• •

OF ALL THINGS

NEW YORK is feeling pretty sceptical about the value of goodwill cement bonds. We roar welcome and tear paper for the brave fliers and where does it get us? France cold-shoulders our Mr. Hearst and Germany pastes a rejection slip on our Mr. Legs Diamond.

•

Manhattan and Brooklyn are now helpfully engaged in shunting gangsters back and forth between the two boroughs. Probably the wear and tear on the criminals will break them down and cause them to lead better lives.

•

A British physician says that golf is healthful exercise only if one takes an interest, but he is wrong if he thinks that dubs play this game just to annoy themselves. It is the love of golf that makes the world go round in 123.

•

A man in Helena, Montana, was fined a hundred dollars for possessing liquor. He had a legal right to buy it, the judge said, but not to keep it; and of course he could not sell it. The prohibition law drives a man to drink.

•

This department's platform on the cup tilts is now whipped into shape and it favors an American victory. Sir Thomas is the world's finest loser and he should, like old Father William, "do it again and again."

•

Two million vacationists came back to town after Labor Day. They suffered incredible hardships, yet they got no scrolls or keys from the Walker-Whalen Welcome Company.

•

A swell new bridge has been dedicated at Poughkeepsie. Between boat races, we understand, it will be used for crossing the Hudson to and fro.

•

Security Leaguer S. Stanwood Menken returns from Russia a convert to Soviet recognition. The Ham Fish Committee will no doubt find that Tavarish Menken's pockets are full of kopeks.

•

Julius H. Barnes holds that government should be an umpire, not a player. The trouble is that the customers persist in throwing empty bottles.

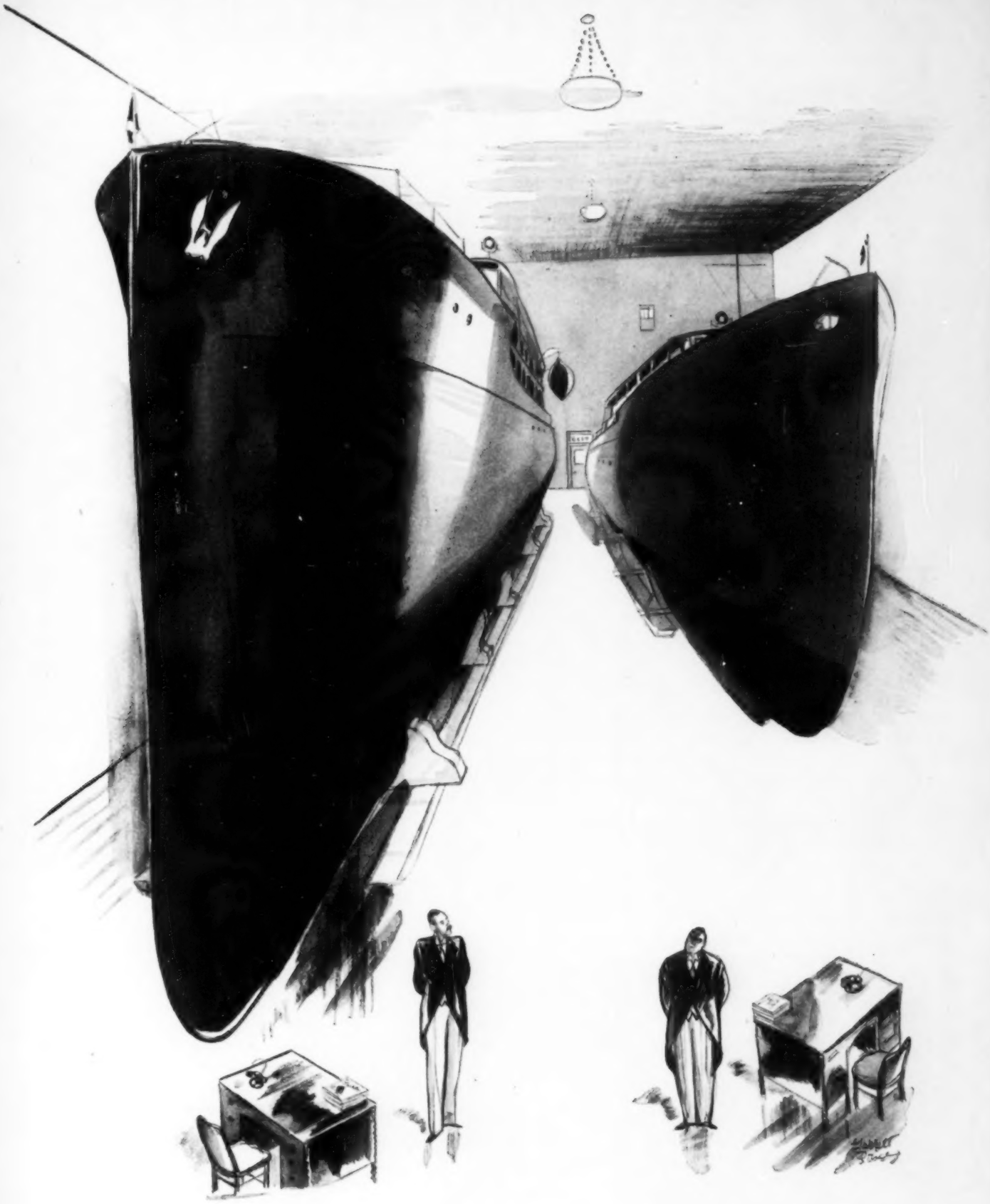
•

Anthropologists here doubt that the headless skeletons found in China are anything like a million years old. People as old as that, they argue, would not have lost their heads.

•

Manhattan Island, the census shows, has only one farm left, at Broadway and 213th Street. It must be a genuine farm, however, because the owner says he needs relief.

—Howard Brubaker



"We might seize this opportunity, Mr. Grout, to take an inventory."

PROFILES

BOY WANTED

Sir Thomas Lipton

THE story of Sir Thomas Lipton reads like one of those fairy tales of big business from small beginnings that are familiarizing the world with the heavy jowls and pensively placed forefingers of success. Yet I have in mind the figure of a tall, clumsy man in a rather shiny blue serge suit and a yachting cap—always a yachting cap—whose eyes are puckered at the sides with a thousand wrinkles of kindliness and humor. His coat hangs away from him and its pockets gape, from his habit of keeping his hands there. He droops a little, his mustache and his shoulders, and his tie, pulled into rather a haphazard bow. His waistcoat long ago fell into a comfortable fold between each button and across it swings a massive chain, the sort of chain one associates with anchors and the chug and whistle of donkey engines. Here is no Napoleon of industry but a man with an expression of apologetic paternity, rather a pathetic man in some ways, as though success had brought a certain wistfulness for the old days, the squalor of the Glasgow tenement and the camaraderie of the slums. I believe that Sir Thomas Lipton, Knight Commander of the Victorian Order, one of His Majesty's Lieutenants of the City of London, Freeman of the City of Glasgow, Honorary Colonel of the late Sixth Volunteer Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry, Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy and of the Order of St. Sava of Serbia, is a lonely man, for all the company of kings.

THE test of breeding in Victorian England was that a man should know his own grandfather. Sir Thomas' grandfather was Thomas Lipton, of Shannock Hill, Clones, which is in Northern Ireland. He was what the Scotch call a crofter, a farmer in a small way, and a good Presbyterian. His son, also named Thomas Lipton, had no use for a crofter's ways but married and went across the North Channel to seek his fortune in Glasgow, where at length he got work as a laborer in a warehouse. The third Thomas was born in a Glasgow tenement, in the year of grace 1850, on May 10, to the shriek of shipping. They just naturally called him Thomas: Thomas Johnstone Lipton, because his mother was Frances Johnstone.

This gave him something to look back on. Sir Thomas is far prouder of his Glasgow tenement than of the full minute it takes the toastmaster to announce him. Not too foul a tenement, he would have you know. It was quite a nice one, but it put him definitely on the bottom rung of the ladder. He went to the council school for the three R's, but the boys seemed cleverer than he was, so that he was always the biggest boy in his class. This worried him, and one day as he was walking to school he passed a great wholesale stationery warehouse and saw the magic sign: "Boy Wanted." He went right in and collared the job, at half a crown a week. His mother wasn't any too pleased, though. She thought half a crown was hardly enough. She was running a little provision shop of her own in those days, in Crown Street, to eke out a laborer's wages, and was a good businesswoman. She advised him to go over to Tillie & Henderson's and ask four shillings. He asked for it and got it.

TILLIE & HENDERSON'S was down by the docks and it was here, on the banks of the Clyde, in that remote inferno of coal smoke and nonconformity, that young Lipton first heard the call of the Panpipes, the minor third of a ship's siren tooting through the fog, calling to distance and adventure. Through a grimy window, as he labored with his bales and boxes, he used to watch the banging and the bustle, the loading and the coaling. When his work was over he used to sneak a short way up the river to a place where some small boats were kept, and if visibility was poor and the going good he used to borrow one of them and go for a furtive expedition. Or if the going was bad he used to hang about and talk to the sailors. There it was he learned to know the ropes, and the difference between a schooner and a ketch.

When he was seventeen he went to America to make his pile. He did not run away. He went on the advice of his mother. "I owe everything to my mother," he says, as though anxious that you should believe him. The fare cost him two pounds ten. He only stayed three weeks in New York, for he read in the papers there were jobs going on the tobacco plantations of the South. He went as a stowaway in an old boat sailing for New Orleans. He was discovered on the first day out, but the captain was kind and set him to work in the kitchen. He was discharged at New Orleans, saw "Boy Wanted" outside a grocery store, lost that job, and got himself engaged to drive a tramcar through the streets.

Driving the tram was all very well in its way—but it got monotonous; and when a friend gave him an introduction to a man he knew in a portrait firm, Lipton was glad to go on the road again, as an advance agent for a portrait painter. Perhaps America was less selfconscious in those days, but somehow or other people didn't seem to want their portraits. Then and there young Lipton decided the secret of success was to sell, not something people thought they might like, but something they simply had to have—food. There was born in his mind the great idea of returning to his native Glasgow and supplying the Glaswegians with biscuits and bacon, barleycorn and beans. He hadn't enough money to do that, though. He reckoned he wanted about a hundred pounds, so he abandoned his portraitist and

signed on in a South Carolina plantation. The wages weren't any too good, and saving a hundred pounds on them meant living more or less like a black.

Most people wouldn't have done it, but we are dealing with Sir Thomas Lipton. When the War of 1870 was on and the Germans were at the gates of Paris, the first "Thomas Lipton's" opened for business in Stob Cross Street. From that moment Destiny took him over. He began by doing everything himself, from keeping the accounts to cleaning the windows. At night he slept under the counter. He took on an assistant, a small ragamuffin of forbidding appearance, and then another. He used to paste little cartoons of a pig in the window: "Where's this little pig going? This little pig's going to Lipton's."

Success seemed to be running away with him. He opened a branch. The thing happened all over again. He opened branches all over Scotland. He began to launch out, bought a small boat and began sailing it on the Clyde, and was able to put his mother and father into a comfortable house at Cambuslang, where his father had first worked. He was tremendously pleased with himself, but found it difficult to believe he was doing it all alone. Success carried him on in a great sweep. The thing was like one of those early Wellsian fantastic romances. One has a vision of this rather big-boned man in a yachting cap, volleyed forward into another dimension, despite himself, his coat bellying in the wind of his progress, feebly protesting. . . . He tried to keep his old friends and found they couldn't follow him. His trajectory went on, and up. Through his yachting, he met Queen Victoria, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. In 1898 he was knighted by the Queen. In the same year he converted his business into a limited-liability company, and the tally of Lipton's then stood at six hundred branches all over the British Isles; his own tea, cocoa, and coffee plantations in Ceylon; his own packing house for hogs in Chicago, and fruit farms, jam factories, bakeries, and a bacon-curing establishment in England. Success could carry him no further. In the meantime his mother died. For a while he went on with a kind of momentum. By this time, however, the business had begun to look after itself, and his interest wandered. He had definitely and spectacularly arrived, and, feeling very much like the first Man in the Moon, he took stock of his surroundings. He was absolutely alone, with not a single relative anywhere in the world. He had never married, nor ever wanted to. There had been only one woman in his life, his mother. Laughing at solitude, he began to enjoy himself with all the zest he had put into making his money. This business of the America's Cup—he threw himself into that with the five Shamrocks, one after another, so that now he would jettison the whole of Lipton's to "lift that damned old mug."

HE found life extraordinarily amusing. He had few close friends in addition to Lord Dewar, whose name is more familiar to a dry republic than it ought to be, and who had travelled a path almost parallel to his own, but he became the most universally popular man alive. He has a gameness that appeals to the whole world. He was tremendously delighted at having "beaten the Americans at their own game" by building the biggest electric sign in New York.

In 1902 he got a baronetcy, and set about finding himself a coat of arms. With the connivance of the College of Heralds, he evolved the following:

"A lot happens between the second and third acts."

"Per fesse or and gule. In chief, on the Dexter side a shamrock leaf and on the Sinister a thistle leaved, both slipped proper; in base a cornucopia erect, the horn of the first the fruit of the third. Crest: Two arms in saltire, the Dexter surmounted by the Sinister, holding a sprig of the tea plant erect and the other a like sprig of the coffee plant, both slipped and leaved proper, vested about the elbows argent. Motto: There's no fun like work."

After this *tour de force* his friends began to speak of him as "Sir Tea," a name which has stuck among people too intimate to call him Tommy. He was developing into a figure of legend. People wove an idyll about him, a pattern of anecdotes as typical and as untrue as the Ford story. They repeated to themselves that well-worn tale of the passenger on the Atlantic liner who beheld the blue suit and the yachting cap, mistook them for the badge of stewardship, ordered a deck-chair, and tipped him a shilling. It was not the story they found so delightfully characteristic so much as the way he kept the shilling and still wears it on his watch chain. The story was true except that he didn't keep the shilling. Then there was that unfortunate business of the Royal Yacht Squadron. In the places where yachtsmen gather you heard how Sir Thomas was blackballed by that famous club "because he sold sausages"—although at the time the Shamrock, a twenty-three-metre cutter, was the best British cutter, and the stack of trophies was mounting. She and the King's yacht, Britannia, were beating one another soundly in regattas all round the coast. Then followed this blow. He minded it more than anything, but that night, so the story goes, the King dined with him aboard his yacht. It was a magnificent story, but, like the one about the shilling, it wasn't true. Sir Thomas never put up for the Royal Yacht Squadron. Ask him. At any rate, he cannot want for clubs. The King nominated him for the Marlborough, the most exclusive club in the world, for its members were all nominated personally by King Edward. He joined in rapid succession the Royal Automobile, the Royal Aero, the Pilgrims, the American, the Royal Ulster, the Royal Irish, the Royal Clyde, the Royal Cork, the Royal London, the Royal Temple, the Royal Northern, the Royal Cinque Ports, the Royal Gourock, the Royal Thames, the Royal Southampton, the Bristol Channel, the Royal Dorset, the Royal Harwich, the Royal Belgium, and the New York Yacht! Twenty-one in all. He belongs to more clubs than any man on earth.

He travelled all over the world with Lord Dewar, and appointed him an inspector at no salary. Once a year a formal notice is sent out that his salary is doubled. On one occasion Lord Dewar was visiting the East alone and Sir Thomas asked a report on his advertising signs there. Lord Dewar did so, and presented a bill for his services, but Lipton refused to pay, saying the request had been prompted by their friendship. Lord Dewar decided on his revenge, and visited one of the Lipton shops, and informed the manager that he was a new inspector. The manager showed him round. Lord Dewar expressed his great satisfaction, raised all salaries at the shop, and wired to Lipton to that effect.

Sir Thomas Lipton lives now among his memories of the noon. He dwells among marble halls in a place called Southgate, one of those decaying Middlesex villages which are rapidly being enveloped in the creeping slumdom of the metropolis. The house is a museum of reminiscence. Enormous rudders confront one at every turn, and tillers and compasses and bowsprits and the sort of Greek goddesses one puts generally in the garden. He is passionately devoted to billiards, and the players pick their way among these heavy objects, or crack a figurehead with the flat end of a cue. Relics are jumbled about the place in highly polished confusion. There is an aroma of teak and tar and oriental gums. The walls are a mass of photographs, of boats and princesses and launching ceremonies and distant places. More photographs are piled on tables in bulky volumes. Even the yachting trophies which used to be kept in a bank are below stairs in a specially constructed strong-room, guarded by an ex-policeman. Sir Thomas will show you these things with fatherly pride, but he is pleased most of all with the small stuffed figure of a dog who lives under the tea table. It was given to him by an American lady, and lived for its allotted span as his mascot. It is a fox terrier with the perfect trefoil of a shamrock on its rump. Its tail forms the stalk.

He has a Singalese servant called John, a black man in white skirts and long hair wrapped round a tall tortoise-shell comb, from whom chauffeurs recoil in terror. He answers the door and waits at table with a sinister watchfulness, and has done so for thirty years. You meet unusual people here, all redolent of the sea, bearded men with keen eyes and short pipes, the captains of decrepit tramps and Atlantic liners. Sir Thomas is a great believer in fresh air. He plays a little golf, potters among his orchids, goes down to the stables to see his trotting horses, and motors a great deal. He hates theatres and theatregoing, and never reads books, but devours all the newspapers and magazines he can lay his hands on. He has never made a bet in his life, except once, when before

sailing in the Baltic for New York, he bet Sir Harry Lauder ninepence to fourpence halfpenny that his boat would reach New York before Sir Harry Lauder's. Lauder won. He finds it difficult to sleep. He has three colossal prewar Mercedes cars, chain-driven and of uncounted horsepower, green and polished brass. He will often order one of these out at two in the morning, and drive thirty or forty miles. Every Sunday after lunch all three of them stand growling and palpitating in the drive, each beautifully kept by its own chauffeur, and on the floor of each stands a parcel, about three cubic feet of Lipton's chocolates. Sir Thomas is helped into the seat beside the driver of the foremost car with his yachting cap on his head and a rug about his knees; his luncheon guests dispose themselves as they please; there is a great deal of noise and any amount of blue smoke, and off they go. It is rather like the start of the Gordon Bennett race of 1910. Actually they cover about a hundred miles in a great circle north of London, and at every gate and every front door and every stile and every turning groups of children are ready waiting. They get a whole box of chocolates to every child.

Sir Thomas likes to show his trophies and tell you his stories. Today he has been Sir Thomas Lipton so long that he has become an English institution, like Bank Holiday, or the Albert Memorial. Although he is now an old gentleman of eighty, the essential likeable boy is very close beneath the surface. Life still beckons with the same old notice-board: "Boy Wanted."

—Anthony Gibbs

TO GENIUS, DYING YOUNG

Though poor he lived among the throng,
And though obscure he died,
With a betrothal-ring of song
He made the world his bride.

But when, with trains from
north and south,
She came to share his bed,
Death looked upon her cruel mouth
And would not let him wed.

—Samuel Hoffenstein

THE THEATRE

AFTER LABOR DAY

THE authors and producers of "The Second Little Show" are by now probably pretty sick of hearing how good the first "Little Show" was. They probably could almost wish that they had never heard of the first "Little Show" were it not for that tidy residue in the bank and the rather rueful satisfaction of having produced a revue so good that it couldn't be followed. It would not be surprising to learn that Messrs. Brady and Wiman had issued an office edict that any employee caught whispering the words "First 'Little Show' " would be out on his ear.

For "The Second Little Show," by inevitably inviting comparison with the first, gives the impression of being a great deal more tepid than it is. It has very good dancing, some pleasant music, good-looking girls in good-looking costumes, and an appealing comic in the person of Al Trahan. But over all flit the insistent ghosts of the first revue, Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen, banging tambourines and strumming banjos and bringing up snatches of old numbers to drown out the present score and in general breaking up the show. Not only did Mr. Trahan and Mr. Jay C. Flippen with their comical sayings and Miss Tester and Miss Hamill with their numbers have to buck a particularly tough opening-night audience, but they had to take on Messrs. Webb and Allen and Miss Holman as well. And unfortunately they didn't have the stuff to do it with.

Looking back on the second "Garrick Gaieties," the second "Music Box Revue," the second "Greenwich Village Follies," in fact on every second venture of the kind except (hats off, please!) the second "Cohan Revue," it would seem to be a good plan for producers of this form of entertainment to skip right from the first to the third. This would eliminate that "second" jinx and would give a little more time for the collection of good material. For therein lies the difficulty of a series of entertainments arbitrarily scheduled on a one-a-year basis. When the first one is put on, it is presumably the result of having so much good material on hand that not to produce it would be a sin against society. There is no particular time when it has to be done and the management can wait until the coffers are full of just the kind of sketches and songs they want. But the minute you say: "Next year at this time we will do a second, and in two years at this time a third," you are committing yourself to opening with the best that you can get between June and September. And the best that you can get in a limited space of time is never awfully good. It begins to look as if the best you can get in *any* space of time is never awfully good.

If there is any other advice that I can give to producers or anyone connected with the theatre, I shall be in my office every morning from nine until nine-fifteen-or-twenty and will gladly run over the whole thing with them. I will even show them some costume designs I have worked up and will hum a couple of corking numbers of my own composition. . . . Better make it a quarter of ten.

IN spite of the fact that "Up Pops the Devil" is one of those plays about marital misunderstandings among young and struggling literati, the solution of which could be effected at any given moment after the middle of the first act by the exercise of one canary-power of brain-force, it is easily the most amusing of the new plays to come to town. Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich may not have worked up a distinguished plot, but they have written some of the funniest lines heard in these parts for quite some time. And with Mr. Hackett himself to deliver some of the gems of the collection, the evening becomes practically a riot of the pleasanter emotions.

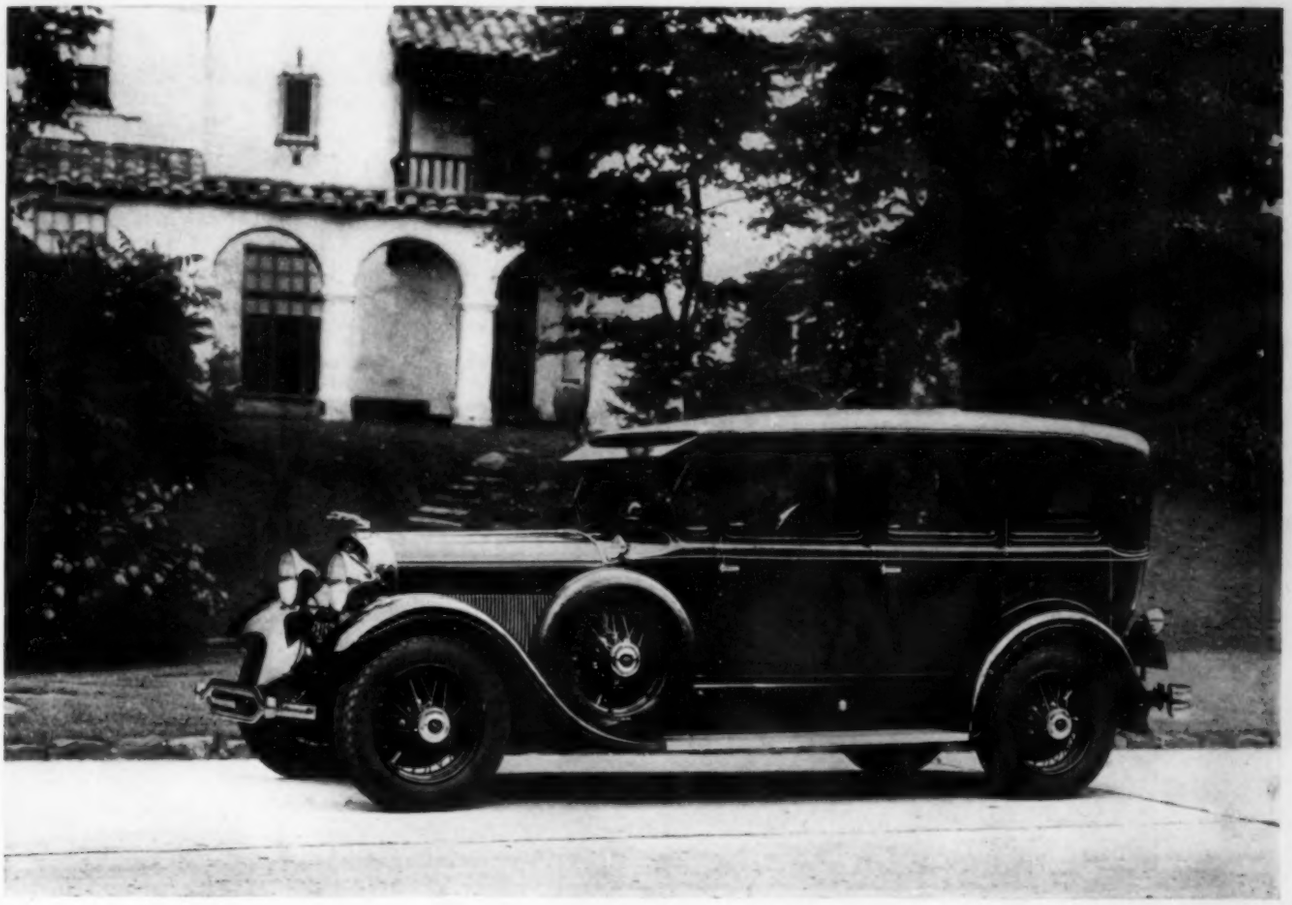
Not that Mr. Hackett has given himself all of the honeys. There is Mr. Henry Howard, who, as a gregarious and unknown drunk, wanders in and out of the party trying to get "long distance" on his host's telephone. There is Brian Donlevy, as the young man who thought that sixteen million dollars would make marriage worth while but who finally cracked under the strain of a valet who wanted to undress him four times a day. There is Mildred Wall, who, in addition to writing one of the shortest movie reviews in the history of journalism almost entirely on the space-bar of her typewriter, is given some very dry wit to dispense, which she does with excellent effect. And there is Miss Janet McLeay, who does an almost vicious burlesque of the little Southern-missie boll weevil so popular in a play directly across the street. All of these, and even Spencer Barnes as the laundryman, are equipped with enough good stuff to fill five domestic comedies of the ordinary type.

Then, as the willfully obtuse young husband and wife, Roger Pryor (it should be a great relief to Mr. Pryor when he grows into middle-age and can stop being misunderstood by young wives) and Sally Bates do wonders with a couple of rôles which might, under less agreeable treatment, be rather irritating. Miss Bates, who seems to be reversing the customary order of stage careers by stepping from the part of an old lady in "Sweet Adeline" to that of a young and beautiful wife in the present play, should find herself in considerable demand from now on.

"Up Pops the Devil" may not mark any great strides in dramaturgy, but it gives encouraging evidence that there is somebody new in the writing line who knows how to write amusing lines. Let us hope that the movie people do not detect Mr. Hackett's gift for dialogue until he has thrown together a few more plays for the speaking stage. He must not go to Hollywood yet.

IT is a great comfort to sit at a play by Mr. Bayard Veiller and know that the story is going to be told well and that when it has been told the curtain will come down. The final curtain to "That's the Woman" descends with almost startling suddenness, but it is

THE LINCOLN



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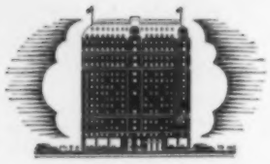

SYMBOL
OF "BACK IN TOWN"

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because the play is over and Mr. Veiller is accustomed to dispensing with by-products in his manufacturing.

Like the producers of "The Second Little Show," Mr. Veiller has to fight his previous success, "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and, like them, he has a pretty tough fight on his hands. "That's the Woman" isn't another "Mary Dugan," but it is a straightforward drama of offstage murder and illicit love, with a psychological rather than a mystery thesis, and it makes its point. A. E. Anson is the lawyer of devilish cunning who knows women's minds like a set of books, and, although almost everyone in the audience knows Miss Phoebe Foster's mind as well as he does, it is interesting to see him lay it bare. It is good to see Mr. Lyster Chambers back villaining again, or district-attorneying, which is the same thing, but to find that other archfiend and old meany, Mr. Austin Fairman, in the rôle of a gullible and deceived husband only goes to show that none of us knows when his turn will come. It is not so easy to reconcile finding Lucile Watson without that blue-steel comedy which she is so preëminent at making shine, but, at any rate, she is back in this country again and that is something. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

STOP AND GO

People cannot
  Learn in schools
The truth about
  The traffic rules,

Or gauge the temper
  Of a cop
And when to steal
  A light, or stop,

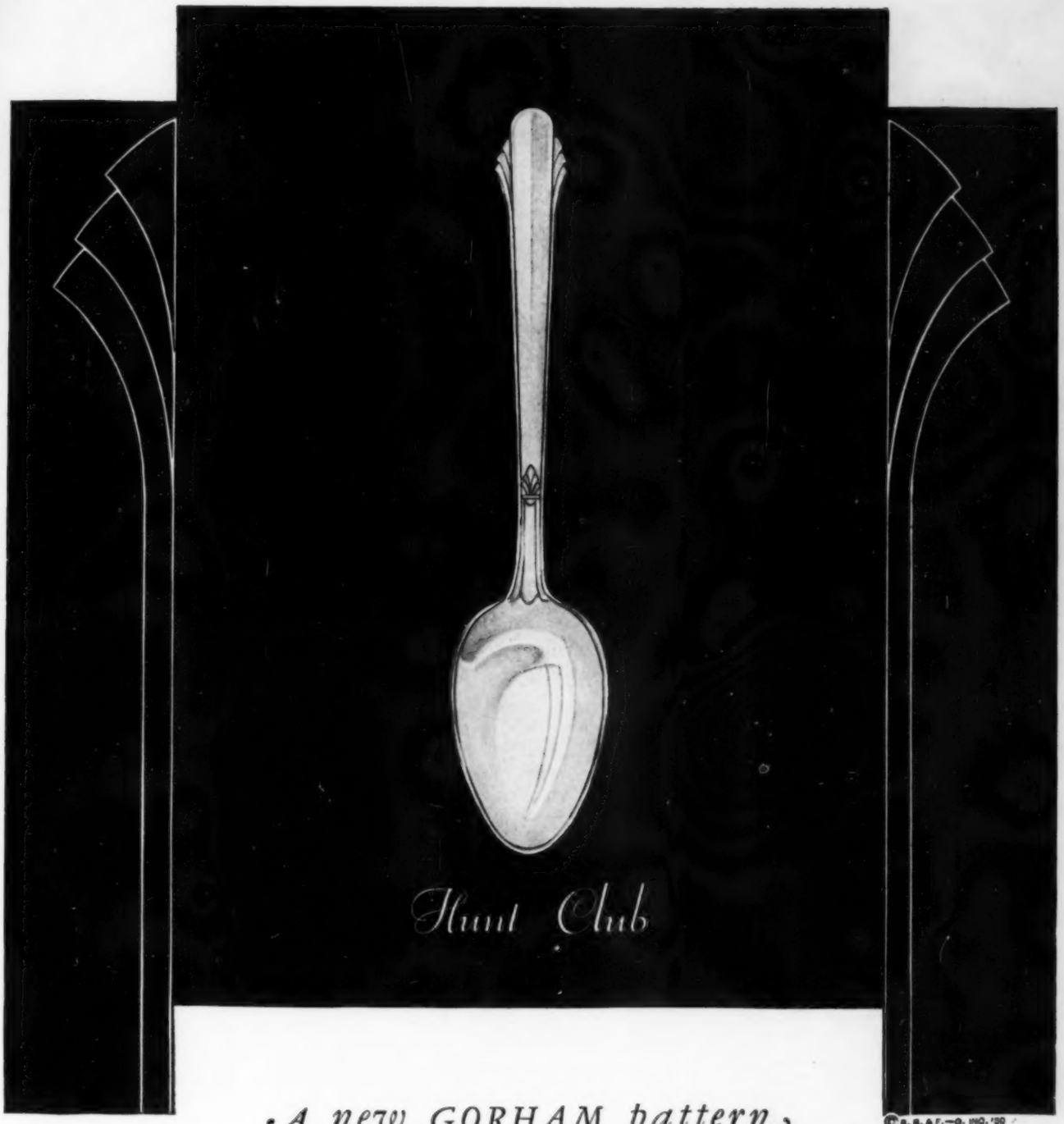
Or swiftly shift
  From gear to gear
To save collision
  In the rear.

My chassis was
  Designed for speed,
My engine does
  Its stuff at need,

My brakes are new
  And working fine,
I could skid close
  To the danger line,

But with safe margins
  I'm content—
I hate to get
  My mudguard bent!

—ANGELA CYPHER



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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

ANOTHER STORY

YOU may recall the anecdote of the old lady who was so immoderately amused when she heard of her small grandson's attempt to define a vacuum. He had told his teacher that a vacuum was a great empty space where the Pope lived. At this, Grandma laughed till her false front slipped from its moorings, and the tears rolled down her raddled cheeks. She had to take off her spectacles to wipe them. "Bless the child," she cried at last, on a ground swell of subsiding chuckles, "did you ever hear anything so droll? But why the Pope, do you suppose?"

Recently I have found myself in an uncomfortable posture somewhat reminiscent of Grandma's. I, too, have been missing the point of a story—a story which I had read again and again, relishing its curious beauty, and leaving it seductively on bedside tables for the conversion of others. And all the time, it seems, I was missing the point. Not *a* point, mind you, but *the* point, the enigma of its dénouement, the reason for the story's having been called what it was, the reason for its having been written at all.

IT is a story by Rudyard Kipling. My juniors, who, oddly enough, seem to be increasing in numbers as the years go on, all tell me that Kipling is frightfully old hat. But that rebuff has long since ceased to impress me. You see, I cannot remember a time when someone was not telling me that acting and snowfalls were not what they used to be, and that Kipling had written himself out. Ten years after I first heard that he had written himself out, ten years after I first heard that the hand which wrought "Without Benefit of Clergy" and "The Man Who Would Be King" and "The Brushwood Boy" had lost its cunning, he calmly published "An Habitation Enforced," which is magic, sheer and incomparable. And even in the last Kipling volume on my shelf, "Debits and Credits," there are at least three stories to remind us that to this day his like does not walk this earth.

Admittedly, his star was dimmed by the war, clouded over by teasing doubts as to the sacredness of Tommy Atkins' mission among the paynim. As the drums of the Fore and Aft sounded ever fainter and fainter across the years, we were visited, as Mr. Guedalla says, by an "uneasy suspicion that the gleam which Mr. Kipling had followed was the silver gleam of an eagle perched on an old man's helmet among the trees at Doorn." But after all, one can rejoice in the Iliad without endorsing the White Book issued by Menelaus, and one's heart can keep time to the hoof-beats of Wee Willie Winkie riding to the rescue of Miss Allardyce, even while one makes marginal notation of a conviction that Winkie's very presence in India was a piece of intolerable British presumption.

But that is several other stories. The one I have in mind is a minor masterpiece called "The Gardener." It was first published here in *McCall's Magazine* and you will find it, tender, true, and gallant, at the end of "Debits and Credits." It concerns the grave of Lieutenant Michael Turrell, who was killed near Ypres in 1915. Everyone in the Hampshire village where he grew up remembered when he had been brought there in swaddling clothes by Helen Turrell, a spinster of that parish who had been in the south of France for her health. Her brother in India had contracted an unfortunate alliance with the daughter of a non-commissioned officer, the village had been told, and then, killed by a fall from his horse, had left this small, posthumous son to shift for himself. Miss Turrell had boldly sent for the baby, discharged his ayah as incompetent at Marseilles, and brought him home in triumph to the Hampshire countryside where the Turrells had always lived and died. All this the village and Michael himself believed. Whatever the mother may have been, the boy was a Turrell, every inch of him, the village said. It shared Miss Helen's pride in him as he grew straight and tall. It shared Miss Helen's grief when the War Office sent word that Michael was missing. His body had been hidden by a falling wall. It was long after the Armistice that his watch, his silver identity-disc, his last pencilled letter to her, came trailing forlornly back to the village, together with the news that Michael's was one of twenty-one thousand crosses in the Flanders graveyard called Hagenzeele Third.

Then the story leads Miss Helen by the hand through a fearful Cook's Tour of mourning. Crowded trains, a scuffle for hotel accommodations, long queues at harried information bureaus, the endless, inescapable gabble of other lonely people. No writer was better equipped to record such a pilgrimage. At last the story brings her to the shore of that merciless sea of black crosses, "a waist-high wilderness as of weeds stricken dead, rushing at her." She knows not which way to turn. Thus the tale runs:

> A man knelt behind a line of headstones—evidently a gardener, for he was firming a young plant in the soft earth. She went towards him, her paper in her hand. He rose at her approach and without prelude or salutation asked: "Who are you looking for?"
>
> "Lieutenant Michael Turrell—my nephew," said Helen slowly and word for word, as she had many thousands of times in her life.
>
> The man lifted his eyes and looked at her with infinite compassion before he turned from the fresh-sown grass towards the naked black crosses.
>
> "Come with me," he said, "and I will show you where your son lies."

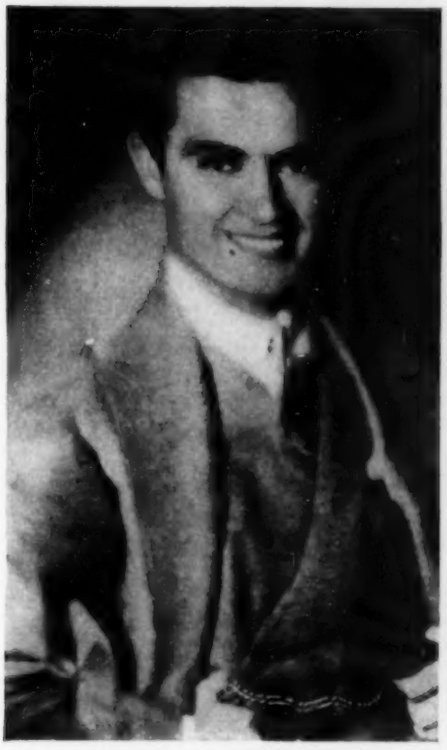
Only a paragraph remains. Here it is:

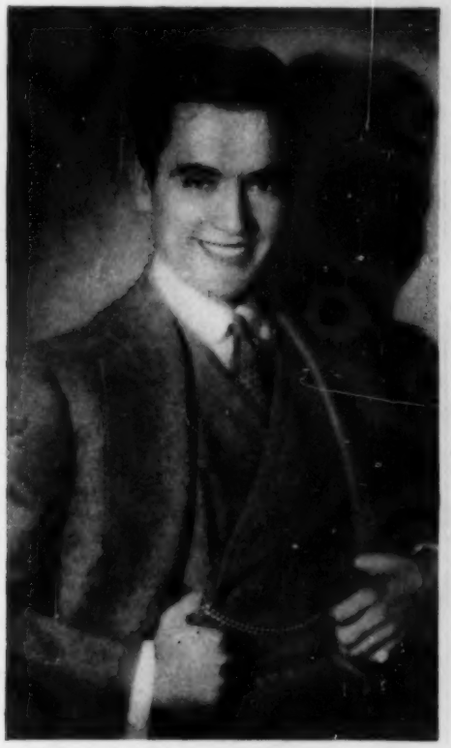
> When Helen left the Cemetery she turned for a last look. In the distance she saw the man bending over his young plants; and she went away, supposing him to be the gardener.

BUT who was the Gardener? All of us, I am sure, saw shining behind him a light not of this world. I think that most of us, a little blinded, perhaps, by the verse that ushers in the story, took him for some archangel standing guard by that sea of death. Others said that it was Christ walking the soil of Flanders Field. But Mr. Kipling intended something quite different. At least he told a friend of mine that the Gardener was Michael's father. —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

CHARLES ROGERS, star of the Paramount Picture "FOLLOW THRU," now is singing a record hit at the Paramount Theatre, N. Y. When he goes on the air, a radio set whose units are but *partially* balanced, can only bring you the distorted *tone* pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear, *undistorted* tone pictured at the right

Now—by simply turning the Philco Tone-Control knob, any owner of the new Philco DC models can instantaneously adjust Philco to the tone quality HE prefers for speech, symphonic music, jazz. And, if he should happen to be in a "noisy" location, he can cut down the interference and enjoy programs in a way never before possible. "Brilliant"—"Bright"—"Mellow"—or "Deep" shades of tone are now at the finger tips





At last the DC's in New York can have PHILCO TONE-CONTROL and performance

THE DC's are the Dreadful Consequences of using Direct Current.

Having the DC's in New York has been like going to a picnic without a can-opener.

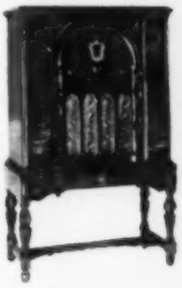
The Manhattan DC's, like the Direct Current users everywhere, have been hearing about these wonderful radio sets without being able to enjoy the musical hors d'oeuvre they contain.

They have seen these funny distorted pictures showing how ordinary radios work. And they've noticed that Philco's Balanced Units make the tone true and clear and UNdistorted — a gorgeous tone — radio at its radiant best.

And they have read about Philco performance; how this magical Screen Grid Circuit picks out programs without "cross-talk;" how it brings out-of-town programs *through* crowded local stations; how finely it tunes anywhere on the dial; how powerful it is; how grand the reception at any volume. And they've heard about radio's newest miracle—Philco Tone-Control.

Philco has neglected the DC's all this time because so many people wanted Philco's for alternating current that they took all we could make — made Philco, in fact, the leader of the industry just because Philco Radios were so *good.*

Now that's all changed. Philco has put everything it knows into a DC set and all the DC's in New York and elsewhere now can enjoy this unique kind of reception. So, just hurry over to the Philco dealer and trade in the old box for a brand new Philco. Ask your nearest Philco dealer for a free demonstration of Philco today.



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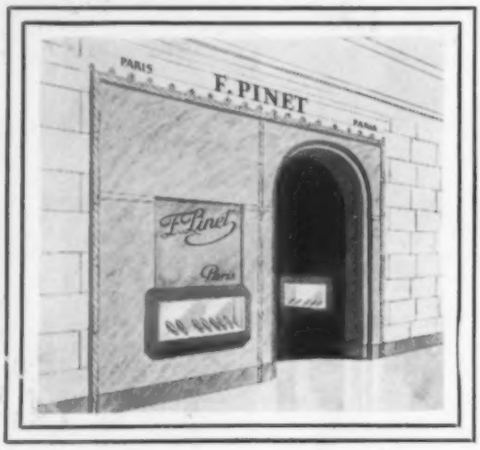

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Pinet of Paris has come to New York . . . with a whole, exciting shop-full of those beguiling hand-made French shoes . . . shoes that are utterly Parisian—feminine and diminutive in appearance—but made on American Lasts, designed for the rather exacting foot of the American woman. This is news!

Each pair of Pinet shoes is numbered, like a fine first edition—only 36 pairs are made from each model—and every Pinet creation is shown simultaneously in New York and Paris.

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THE ART GA

Nine to Begin With — The

MACY had the honor of starting the new season; and what with the recent heat and the store's air-cooling plant, perhaps it was just as well. We have always looked upon Macy as the white hope of the art-for-everyone movement, knowing that some such agency will be necessary if the masses are to participate in the general aesthetic exercises. But Macy has proved to be only half-hearted about the enterprise; it makes a timid gesture during the householders' refurnishing season and then returns to more stable products and displays the usual prints of fruits and flowers.

So if you like to get originals at Macy, September is your month. The gallery on the sixth floor of the East Building displays the work of nine artists, and one or two are worth a visit.

THIS was the first time we had seen the studio work of Victor De Pauw, and we were somewhat impressed. He is exhibiting six examples of monotypes—a print obtained from painting on copper. It is a difficult medium and should be used only by those who believe in the accidental in art; the product must necessarily be only an approach to the concept. Very often, however, it is in the variants that the charm appears. We think Mr. De Pauw has a lot of ability. In fact we would like to have his "Fish" for our own.

Second in interest, we thought, was the work of Joseph Steig, especially his "Natural Bridge." We liked, too, the portraits by George Constant, and Warren Wheelock's "Oak Tree," done somewhat in the Cézanne manner. The others in the show—Ben Benn, David Dorfman, Hazel De Pauw, Vivien Gordon, and Mary Ruth McIlvaine—are not up to this group.

The prices, incidentally, conform to Macy's general policy and are lower than you would expect.

NOW and then we see a show before it is hung, so while the lag-

ART GALLERIES

ith — The Candidate Who Paints

gard season hesitates, we wish to call your attention to one of our finds, Heywood Broun. The purpose of his exhibition, which it is rumored will be at the Weyhe Gallery this month, is to get funds for his Congressional campaign. The pictures, however, were painted without any propaganda in mind and may be judged by non-voters.

Broun shows considerable courage in exhibiting his paintings in a land so fond of representation. Knowing nothing about form, or caring little for it, he relies entirely upon color for his effects. He achieves a ship now and then, and skyscrapers easily fall within his technique, but skies are his meat. He can dash off a sky that would be the envy of Constable or Boudin.

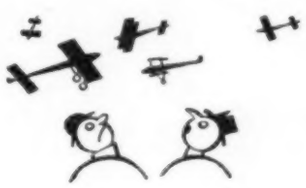
It has been Broun's rôle to take his work lightly, and those who have viewed the product have been content to fall in with his lead. We, however, have always suspected him of a serious intent and so appraise him. He uses color as a playground for that part of him that cannot be expressed by words; and having been able to weave a great deal of magic with words, he requires little room in which to play. What he does with painting from now on will tell the tale: he may trade with the coin he scatters to his wider public and go in for a completer expression on canvas, or he may be content to use his painting only as a cutout on his perpetual-motion motor. He has great emotion and fine color. Many a painter can envy him those.

HERE AND THERE: The Roerich Museum has a show of paintings by Bernard Green. . . . The work of Clivette, the juggler, may be seen at the studio of Gustave Nassauer, 100 Central Park South. —M. P.

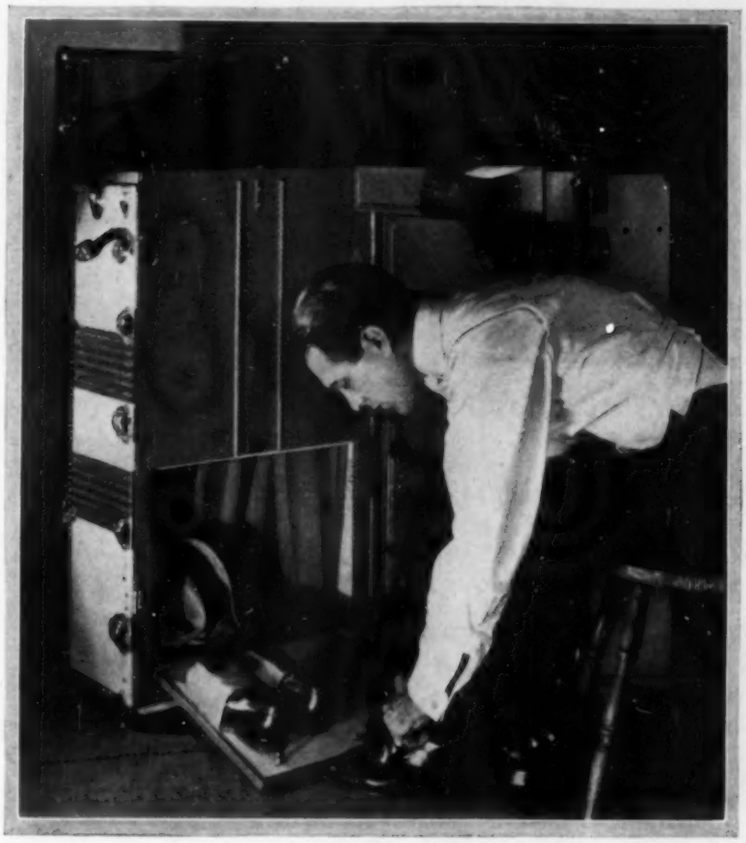
•

His present address is in care of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism, 36th Street and Broad Branch Road, Washington, D. C.—*Yale Alumni Weekly.*

Our idea of a good address.



OSHKOSH TRUNKS



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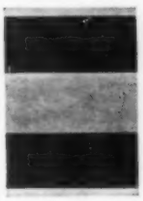

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

QUESTION MARK

WE were standing on one of the hangar roofs and waiting for Coste to bring his ship in from Paris. On the balcony of the hangar, just beneath us, was a little group of celebrated people—fliers and politicians and aviation magnates—and the main body of the crowd was perhaps a quarter-mile away, down at the end of the field with a few flags waving and the hot-dog supply given out. There were two or three of us on the roof and we were quite detached from the mob reactions—able to observe them and to think with reasonable clearness about the adventure.

Under the very calmest examination, it was a considerable adventure. So many had tried it and failed. Coste himself had tried it once and turned back. A terrible job of flying, really a terrible one, and we had received a definite emotional jolt at the news the day before that the ship was off across the ocean. Back in town at noon, in fact, the bulletin that the ship was over land and coming steadily toward its goal had been enough to send us jumping into a motor and fighting the traffic to the flying field. So we stood there waiting for the ship to come out of the sky and lash our ganglia into that queer contraction that goes by the name of thrill.

THE implications of the adventure were plain. It was a dramatic complement to the Lindbergh flight: the identical thing in reverse and the reverse a more difficult undertaking. It was a job with the polish of perfection upon it. Thinking that yesterday Coste was in Paris and today in New York with all those empty miles of sea between was romantic. We looked, I think, for all of those implications to receive a catalytic reaction from the appearance of the ship in the air, and we expected some sort of emotional surge as a result. We certainly expected the crowd to be touched off like that when the big red ship stooped toward the field and its triumph.

Then somebody said "Well, there he is," and we looked up to discover that the ship was circling slowly overhead, a little larger than we had expected, with the photographers' planes buzzing a little frantically about it. All over the field people were looking up at the ship and saying: "There he is, all right. Sure, that's him." And it was about as exciting as a drink of water.

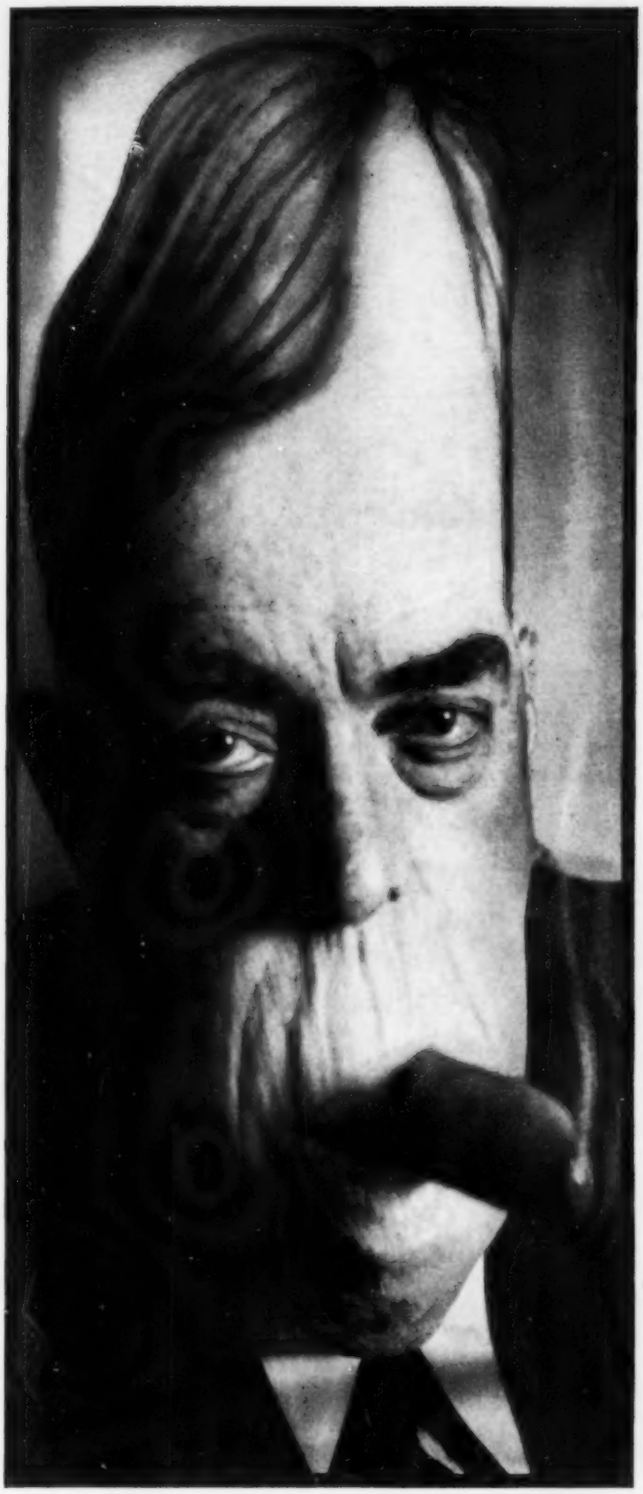
Oh, a few Frenchmen scattered through the throng were enthusiastic. They cried "Vive Coste!" and "Vive la France!" and you could distinguish every syllable of their exclamations, there was such a lack of hubbub. The aviation experts were saying, quite calmly, that it was a magnificent flight. The boobs down in the mob of fifteen thousand were wondering if it was anything like this when Lindbergh landed in Paris, and they were waiting for something to get them excited enough to yell. It came in a few minutes, and they did yell, but the appearance of that gleaming ship that had crossed the ocean left them cold.

"Hush, Hortense! There's the bogey man."

WE were, ourselves, so unaffected that we began to search for the reasons behind the failure of the thing as a dramatic spectacle. There seemed plenty.

In the first place, the landing was in the daylight, and in the second place the air had been full of planes all afternoon. The Navy sent over a little formation of training ships to do a few mild stunts, and the owners of the field put a dozen craft into the air to amuse the assemblage. They had looked at airplanes against the pale sky until their necks were tired, and they were bored with airplanes, and the sudden appearance of one more simply couldn't excite them. The dramatic landings all have been at night, out of an empty dark sky when the first sign of the great triumph was the slowly increasing drone of a distant engine. In these

"IT MAKES A NEW MAN OF ME" SAYS **IRVIN COBB** OF DATED COFFEE



Let cobwebs thicken on your vintage wines, but let your coffee be as fresh as the cream you put into it! . . . For the only full-flavored coffee is coffee that is freshly roasted . . . "Some like it cold, most like it hot," says Irvin Cobb, "but every normal man wants his coffee full-strength, rich flavored. Anyhow, I do . . . and in Chase & Sanborn's Coffee I find what I want." . . . Chase & Sanborn's Coffee comes to your grocer from the roasting ovens by the direct Daily Delivery of Standard Brands Incorporated. The date on each can proves its freshness—no can is sold later than 10 days after the date stamped. Thus you are guaranteed coffee of titillating aroma, its freshness and matchless flavor at the very peak . . . Take a tip from Irvin Cobb and date yourself up for the rest of your natural life with delectable Dated Coffee! . . . . . .

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"Use the same gentle care we do!" they will urge. "Lux Toilet Soap is soothing, gentle, luxurious. And it does bring such gratifying results!"

The Broadway stage stars, you see, are devoted to the same fragrant white soap which the famous screen stars have enthusiastically made their own. That is why Lux Toilet Soap is always in theater dressing rooms everywhere — in 71 of the 74 in New York!

In Hollywood, you know, it has been made the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios. And the European screen stars — in France — in England — in Germany — are equally devoted to this soap.

To face the great glaring close-up lights, skin *must* be exquisite. And the stage stars flocking to do "talkies" are more grateful than ever for wise skin care!

You will want to try this simple way to complexion beauty. You will be delighted with the generous lather which this luxurious cake gives even in the hardest water — with the swift improvement in your skin. Order several cakes and begin to enjoy its luxury — today.

AILEEN STANLEY lends the charm of her sparkling presence to *Artists and Models.* Of Lux Toilet Soap she says: "It's the nicest soap I ever used. I'm delighted with it."

MURIEL KIRKLAND, who last year triumphed in *Strictly Dishonorable,* returns in *The Greeks Had a Word for It.* "For smooth skin," she says, "I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

first sweeping Hollywood . . .

ARE ON AGAIN. . . .

VIOLET HEMING, one of Broadway's most beautiful stars, opens in *Ladies All.* "This nice white soap is just the thing to keep one's skin always fresh and smooth. It's a joy."

BETSY REES, returning in *Fine and Dandy*, has a complexion almost unbelievably fair! "Lux Toilet Soap takes just the gentle care that suits my complexion best," she says.

HELEN MACKELLAR, opening in *Through the Night*, says: "Smooth skin is so important to a woman's loveliness. Lux Toilet Soap is soothing and refreshing to my skin."

then Broadway . . . then the European Capitals 10¢

A heffalump

has sharp ears but one place he wouldn't be disturbed by a multitude of annoying little noises is

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dramatic landings the heroes have brought their craft out of the mysterious darkness into sudden flashes of light from ground beacons and they have opened their engines wide to zoom the crowd and send shivers over everybody.

But the Question Mark did not even make an entry. Nobody saw it reach the field from the distance, because in the distance it was indistinguishable from a dozen other planes. It was suddenly overhead, directly overhead before anybody suspected its imminence, and all you could do was to look up and say "Well, there he is."

Coste landed across the field, and taxied in the direction of the crowd. He and Bellonte got out of the plane, and the photographers began to make flashlight pictures. The flash and boom of the magnesium powder was the most exciting thing the crowd had seen all day, and they began to warm up a little, shouting "Hey, Frenchie!" and "Attaboy, Costey!" There were a great many policemen, and very young policemen. They conceived the idea that the crowd must be kept in order, even though the crowd had not shown the slightest inclination to get out of order. The young policemen began to push back against the thousands, and shout commands. Coste and Bellonte were waving politely, and being led toward one of the hangars.

The crowd decided that it would be fun to push the policemen out of the way, and so they did it. Everybody was laughing except the few whom the policemen socked on the jaw, and nobody was very sure where he wanted to go when the police pressure was broken. It was natural, of course, to go toward Coste and Bellonte, and so they did that. They began to surge around the fliers—but very shyly. They did not want to come too close. They shouted "Hey, Frenchie, how about some champagne?" and "Did you bring any coonyac, Costey?" The adventure of flying the ocean was not translated to this crowd even by the very presence of the heroes. The police were gathering their forces again, and the real game became a retreating fight against the cops with the fliers rather in the nature of a football in a game: impersonal, unimportant save as the symbol of triumph or defeat.

The cops could not control the crowd, so they began to control Coste and Bellonte. They made a ring around the two aviators, and forced them into all sorts of places where they

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didn't want to go. And finally they forced them into the automobile that was to carry them to the city, refusing them a last glimpse of their ship to see that it was properly housed, and refusing them the planned ceremony of greeting by the French-American committee. The cops broke up the football game by the simple expedient of running away with the football. The excitement of the crowd continued, however, for some time afterward. They were oblivious of the disappearance of Coste but they were having a grand time fighting the cops that were left.

IT was amusing, an hour later at the Ritz Tower, to watch the newspapermen try to get an interview when the American representative of the aviators had signed a contract with one publisher, agreeing to give no interviews. They worked on this representative for two hours, proving him wrong as he stated, consecutively, that the fliers were asleep, eating, ill, too deaf from the engine to hear, and absent from their room. At last an American naval officer (in the navy they are careful of the press) broke down the resistance of the representative, and the reporters were admitted.

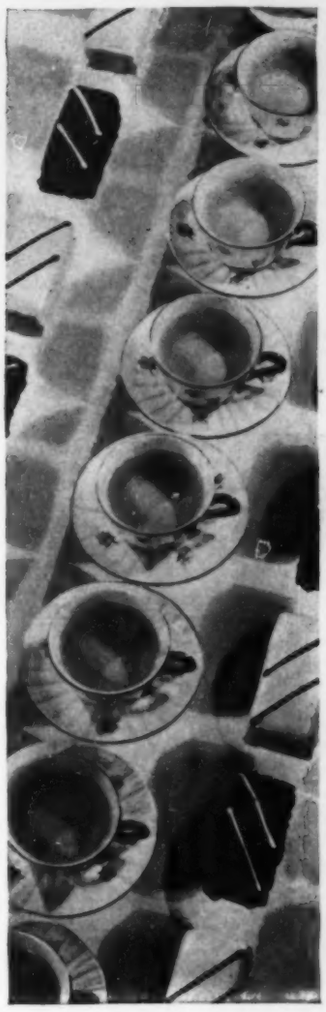
We went through the parlor of the suite—a room that was instantly charming and amusing because of the little tricolor wreaths that said "Vive Coste!" in gold lettering. The little wreaths, idiotically gaudy and artificial and delightful, were formally arranged on a table and tended by a dazed little Frenchman who was drunk with pride.

Jean Borotra, whose tennis games have taught him how to be firm with newspaper reporters, asked the crowd of thirty of them to be quiet and polite. Coste, he said, was dreadfully tired, and Bellonte was asleep. We went into the little bedroom where Coste was dreadfully tired and Bellonte asleep, crowding in and whispering.

Coste sat in the middle of his bed with his pajamas on. A foot away, Bellonte slept like a corpse and all the blazing lights, all the stumbling and talking of the visitors, did not rouse him in the least.

You would like Coste. You should indeed have seen him sitting cross-legged on the bed and willing to shake hands with everybody, a broad and warming smile on his weathered face, speaking polite sentences in his low-voiced French. There is no youth whatever in his face. He is a hard-bitten man who can fly them any-

st. moritz



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where. He had braved a far more rigorous thing than the crossing of the Atlantic when he turned back that time from midocean and braved the scorn of the Parisians who charged him with cowardice. He has flown more dangerous, pioneering miles than any man alive, and that too shows in his face. It was queer to see that tough face—I mean tough in a sense that has nothing to do with Al Capone—it was queer to see that tough face with a humorous smile upon it and polite, long sentences coming from it. "I ask that you convey to the American people my deep emotion at the reception that has been accorded me, and particularly my most extreme pleasure that Colonel Lindbergh was kind enough to be present at the field when I landed." Sentences like that. A little sententious and a little phony on paper in English, but somehow quite authentic when they came from this very small, very hard man, sitting cross-legged on the bed in a suit of striped pajamas, with his neck burned from the wind.

WE don't believe that New York crowds can have any more turbulent, genuine enthusiasms for such a thing as the arrival of a Coste. Since the return of Lindbergh, receptions in New York have turned into a pattern, the Whalen pattern, artificial, professional, and a little swinish. The crowd knows just when everything will happen: the taking of the movies, the minute or two at the microphone, the massed movements of the cops in this direction or that, with the poor celebrity huddled down in the centre of their wedge. The crowd knows that it cannot really participate in all these involved and mechanical items of the set routine, that it can only watch and make wisecracks. It doesn't know how to enjoy the hysteria of applauding a signal exploit.

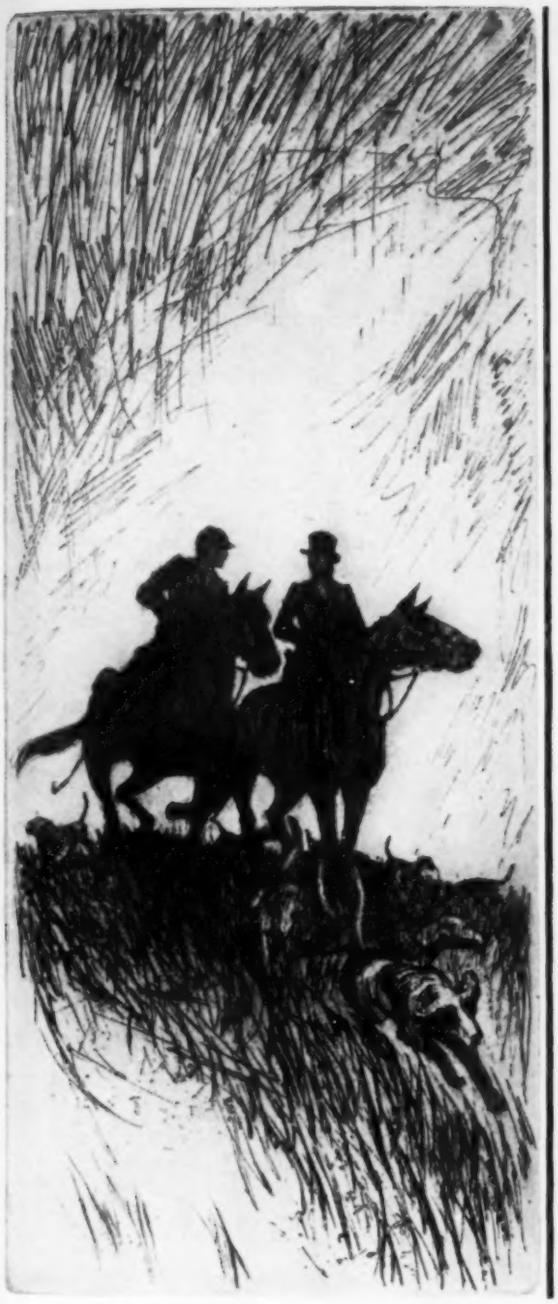
Without regret, we presented to a Finnish lady the red-white-and-blue badge that identified us as an "Official Guest—To Welcome Coste & Bellonte Paris-New York Flight Curtiss Airport Valley Stream L.I. N. Y."

—MORRIS MARKEY

•

The cradle in which President Hoover used to repose has been found in an Iowa stable where it had long been used by setting hens, which is a delicate tribute to the simplicity of the republic.—*Valparaiso (Ind.) Vidette Messenger.*

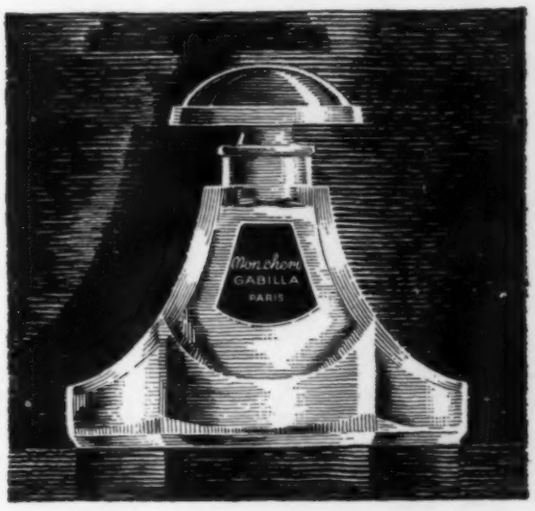
Or something.



They will talk of the chase as far as the elms, where the horses drink, and where his margin of honours for the day will take a little tumble.

gabilla
paris

In times of confidence is there always a little untold? Else, whence individuality?



Mon cheri

Parfum de Gabilla • Paris

YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

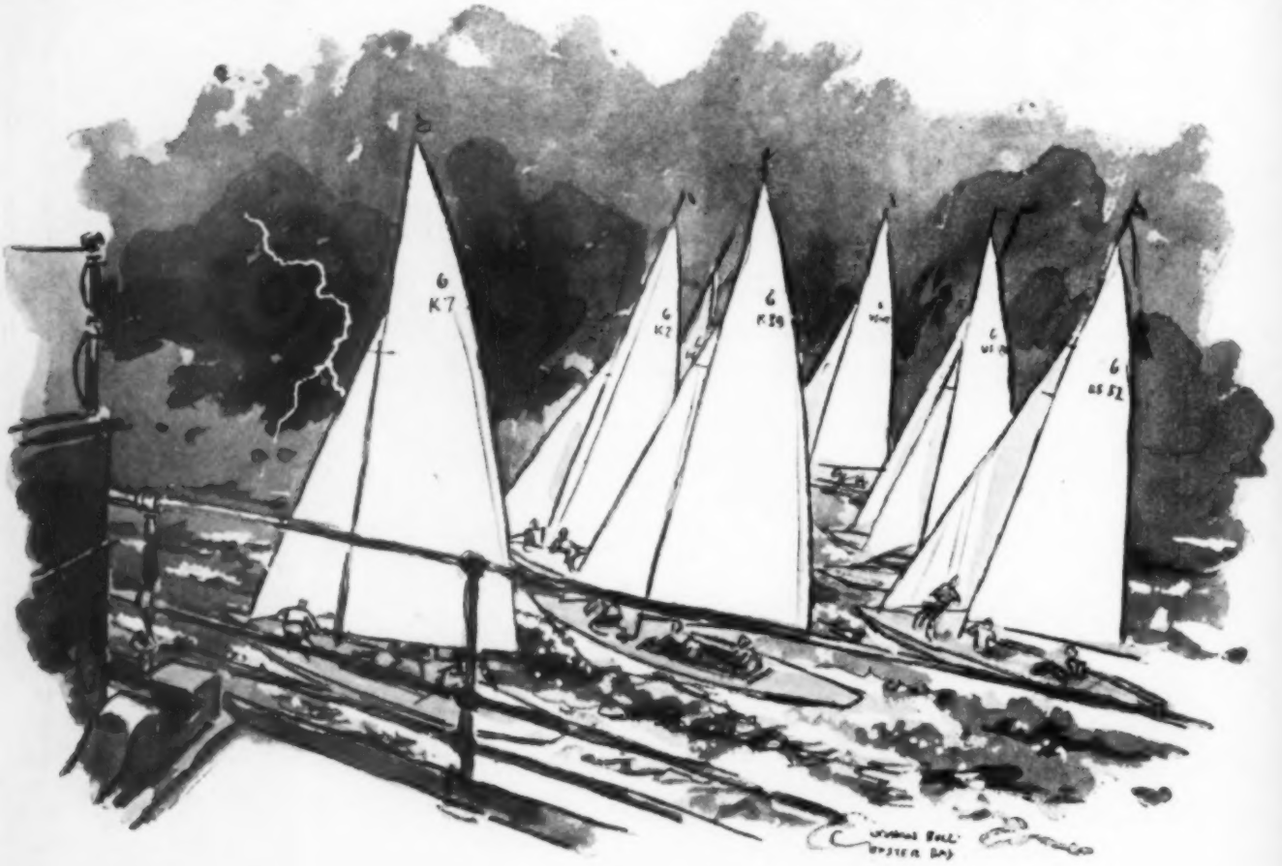
Britons on the Sound—Mr. Hoyt and Aphrodite—
The Poor Professional—How to Get to Newport

THE trouble with the British 6-metre boats was that they were outsailed, and that they were the wrong kind of boats. Visiting yachtsmen must expect to be outsailed by fellows who know their own waters; their whole hope lies in outbuilding their opponents and getting the breaks. What the English needed for the Sound at this time of year was three light-weather 6's and one heavy, or at least two light and two heavy. Instead, they sent nothing but wind boats—big hulls and small sails, the kind of boat that wins on the Clyde, built to stand up in a blow. When the wind jumped to twenty-two knots for a few minutes one afternoon, they went away from us on wings. The rest of the time they had no chance, not even the last day, when Prudence put Aphrodite out by forcing her into a foul at the start.

IT was a series notable for the absence of protests. The only signs of an argument came when the committee was trying to pick our team. There were yachtsmen at the Seawanhaka clubhouse who would tell you in tense undertones that Sherman Hoyt had the committee so thoroughly in his pocket that the elimination races would go on until he won at least once, so that he could be picked for the team, and if he didn't win he'd be picked anyway. As time went on, Sprig and Mist continued to beat Hoyt's boat, Aphrodite, regularly. Then the committee told him they felt Aphrodite, which he had designed himself, wasn't as fast as Sprig; they wanted Sprig on the team, but they wanted him to sail her. Mr. Hoyt said he would sail his own boat or nothing, so the committee reconsidered and chose Hoyt and Aphrodite.

Now Mr. Hoyt had his defenders. It is generally acknowledged that he is the smartest small-boat sailor in the world. His faction said the committee was entirely right: our team would be stronger with Hoyt in a bad boat than with a good boat and no Hoyt. Meanwhile Hoyt, undisturbed, sailed some excellent races, and on the last day, withdrawing after his foul before a protest was filed, followed the match in the launch Radio, puffing his pipe and clad in his unique yachting costume of a polo shirt, shorts, golf stockings, and a white canvas hat.

IT has often been said the British do not go into small-boat racing, or any other sport for that matter, with much concentration on winning. This seemed true of the 6-metre racers. They had paid ten thousand dollars to ship their boats, but they behaved as if they had come over from Connecticut for a club regatta; they all obviously enjoyed sail-



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You'll find Squibb's Shaving Cream at any drug store.

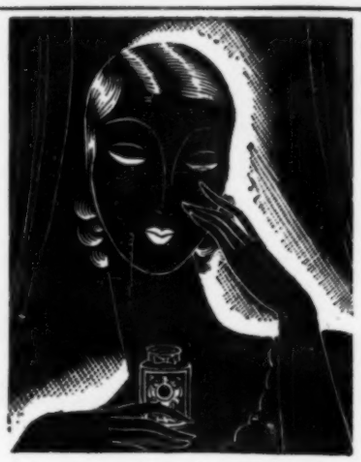
SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

ing. Several had boys under twenty for a crew, a condition brought about principally by the difficulty of getting a full-grown Briton to cross the ocean to tend sheet on another man's yacht. Mr. Parker of Fintra sailed with young Archie Roosevelt, aged about fifteen. At no time did the British plan sailing strategies in conference. It had been suggested that they would have a better chance of winning if they paired off their boats to cover ours as football linesmen cover opposing linesmen, making each race a series of four individual contests; but they never bothered with that. Each skipper sailed independently, guessing at tides, currents, and windspots that had been familiar to the Americans since boyhood.

THE only gloomy people connected with the British team were the professionals, housed in a board shack down by the Seawanhaka boathouse. We have never understood why paid sailors should be called sailors when they work on a liner or coal barge, and professionals when they work around yachts; but no matter what you called them, these Englishmen were dejected. For amusement by day they stood on the beach and threw stones at bottles in the water; at night they played cards or went to Oyster Bay to the movies. Bitterly they recounted memories of good times sailing on the Riviera last winter, the flower battles at Nice and Cannes, and other amusements ashore.

The color of the occasion was supplied by their employers and the spectators. We have notes on the fat Englishman with a camera who politely asked people diving from the high board on the Seawanhaka dock if he "might expose a plate;" on the fleet of launches ferrying members and their guests out to the destroyer that was used as grandstand; on the gentlemen of the committee fussing with signal flags in the crow's-nest of their tug; on the unique example set by Corny Shields, the only member of our team who sat to leeward to steer. He sailed Herman Whiton's Cherokee.

IF you are going to the America's Cup races and haven't been invited on the Nourmahal, there are several steamers you can invite yourself on. One is the Hudson River Day Liner De Witt Clinton. She will sail from Montauk dock every race day at nine. You can make connections by taking a special train (with sleepers) from the Pennsylvania Station at midnight the



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night before. Round trip, train and boat, $15. . . . The Fall River Line is sending a ship to the races, via Newport, leaving Pier 14, North River, at five-thirty the night before each race. Round trip $30, including stateroom and meals. . . . The Eastern Steamship Lines are also running a boat from here to the races. It sails from Pier 18, North River, at nine o'clock, September 12 and 19. Inclusive fares start at $30.

Experienced yachtsmen, by the way, generally prefer going on ships like these to any means of conveyance smaller than a 150-foot steam-turbine cruiser. On a passenger boat the deck doesn't roll so much; you can hold your glasses steady and see what you came for. —N. B., Jr.

•

WE STAND CORRECTED

[*From the Sept. 6 issue of* The New Yorker]

We don't know very much about newspaper photographs, having been fired from the old *Tribune's* rotogravure section for running pictures designed to lose the war for the Allies, but if that Associated Press photograph of the German seaplane alighting off the Battery wasn't faked, then we will eat all the buildings shown in the background. Just why it should have been necessary to fake a picture of it, when there were plenty of good ones taken, is not clear, unless the A.P. service wanted to be the first one uptown with a photograph, but if you will take your *Times* or *World* of August 27 (the *World's* especially gave the impression of having been drawn in the advertising-layout department) and compare the picture with the ones taken by the *Mirror* or the other Hearst papers, you will see what can be done by pasting one picture on top of another and then photographing the result. If we are doing the A.P. service an injustice, we apologize in advance.

[*Telegram from the Associated Press*]

SEP 5 PM 2 39

PUBLISHER THE NEW YORKER
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YOUR STORY CONCERNING ASSOCIATED PRESS PHOTOGRAPH OF GERMAN SEAPLANE ON PAGE FIFTY FOUR OF NEW YORKER FOR SEPTEMBER SIXTH IS WHOLLY FALSE AND DAMAGING AND DEMAND IS HEREBY MADE FOR COMPLETE AND IMMEDIATE APOLOGY AS WELL AS CORRECTION IN NEXT ISSUE JACKSON S. ELLIOTT ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

We apologize again.—The Editors.

Don Dickerman
TAKES GREAT PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING THAT
HAPPY DAYS ETC., ETC., ETC.

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For this is the magic of Tangee . . . it changes on your lips to blend with your own natural coloring, no matter what your complexion!

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THE RACE TRACK

Gallant Fox at His Best —Concerning The Futurity—A Few Blue Days for the Whitney Stable

I BELIEVE we saw the best race of the year, and the greatest triumph of Gallant Fox, in the Lawrence Realization Stakes at Belmont Park. It was a race and a finish that left us all a bit limp and unable to cheer any more, either for the splendid bay colt or for Questionnaire, who ran so gallantly. The novelty of winning great races has not worn away for William Woodward, who looked supremely happy as he led in the winner, though Gallant Fox was quite a handful even after running a mile and five furlongs. James Butler, Questionnaire's owner, who sat with Ed Bradley in the last row of chairs in the Turf and Field Club enclosure, took his disappointment with some philosophy. The race had been a near thing.

What a world of difference those few inches made! Gallant Fox has now reached the peak of equine achievement, leading the list of prize-winners on the American turf (and in the world, if you figure your francs as they should be figured). He has won $317,865.

RIGHT from the rise of the barrier Questionnaire opened out a clear lead, while Sande dropped Gallant Fox in behind, as he had in the Saratoga Cup the week before. For nearly a mile and a quarter he rode a waiting race, anticipating Workman's every move on Questionnaire. Then, on the stretch turn, Gallant Fox came up. Workman's riding ability is more in the strength of his arm in a whipping finish than in his strategy, but he was determined to beat Sande to any bit of jockeyship. Had he confined his attention to his own horse, the finish might have been closer. A furlong from home Gallant Fox got his head in front, but Questionnaire passed him again at the sixteenth pole. Both were being asked to do their best, and though Questionnaire held his own to within fifty yards of the winning post, Gallant Fox got up to win in the last

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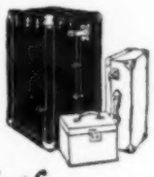

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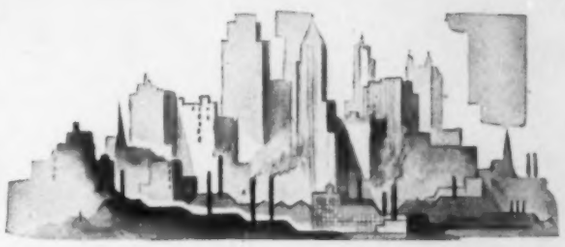
strides. Sande was more tired than his mount.

Gallant Fox will run for the Jockey Club Gold Cup, at weight for age, at two miles, on the closing day of the Belmont meeting. It probably will be a walkover.

THIS weekend we shall see The Futurity and the Grand National Steeplechase. Mr. Vosburgh, the Jockey Club's handicapper, gave his annual tip on The Futurity in his weights for the Nursery Handicap, assigning Jamestown 130 pounds, Equipoise 125, and Epithet 124. They will carry 130 each in The Futurity. When Epithet beat Jamestown by a head in the Hopeful Stakes, he carried 117 pounds to Jamestown's 130. Quick, Charles, the paper, pencils, and speed charts! Ouija, what is your verdict? . . . Oh, well, it *would* be Jamestown.

"THAT is an irrefutable argument for the Bahr stall gates," Herbert Swope said to me during the fifteen-minute delay at the post before the Champagne Stakes. What a curse on racing is this eternal question of starting! I believe that the first chance of getting horses off is best. The longer you keep them at the post the worse they become once they get upset. And they are not helped by the none-too-gentle ministrations of the starter's assistants. I am quite certain that had not one of George Cassidy's assistants wrestled Equipoise to a standstill, the colt, in spite of his impost of 132 pounds, would have won this race. He was beaten by a head by A. C. Bostwick's Mate.

AT last we have seen Magnifico, though I daresay some of us would be quite as pleased if we never had seen him at all. There are horses that achieve reputations without doing anything to deserve them. Such a one is Harry Whitney's colt. All summer he has been the most talked-of juvenile, because (whisper) he was said to be



"Take charge of the Middle West next week"

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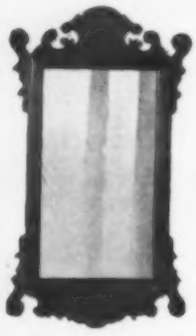

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the best in the Whitney barn. Even Jack Joyner fell under the spell of the myth, for the afternoon Magnifico made his first start last week, he said: "If Whitney's colt wins today, he will be favorite for The Futurity." He did not win, and I'm told he's 100–1 in the future betting, with no takers.

Magnifico is well named. Big as a three-year-old, with the conformation of Osmand and the color of Pennant, his grandsire, he is the beau-ideal type horsemen dream about—until you look at his knees and ankles. Then his unsoundness and the firing and blistering treatment he has undergone are apparent. I was inclined to believe his first defeat was due to Workman's becoming entangled in the mazes of declaration-to-win riding orders; but for his second defeat, by Mrs. Milton Holden's St. Francis, there was no excuse. The Whitney stable fortunes are at low ebb at this meeting.

I might add I'm sorry I said all those nice things about Thais a week ago. She is a jade.

THOMAS HITCHCOCK, and his son, Tommy, took an afternoon off from polo last week and showed us the best three-year-old jumper that has carried silks in years. His name is Cree, and he gave sixteen pounds according to the scale of weights to John Sanford's Tourist II, the best jumper in training—my choice for the Grand National this weekend—and finished second after a splendid performance.

THE MORNING LINE: Edward Madden and John Sanford going into a huddle after Conscience won. . . . Norrie Sellar starting No-Necktie Week. . . . J. J. Coakley carrying an umbrella and raincoat after signing the contract for the rain-stopper machine. . . . Al Jolson going into the horse business. . . . W. S. Vosburgh handicapping the mannequins in the fashion parade. . . . Henry McDaniel leaving Epithet flat in Saratoga before The Hopeful. . . . Jack Joyner stall-walking. . . . Henry McDaniel regretting he didn't wait to see Epithet win The Hopeful.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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A Palace by the Park—
Modern Town House —
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The interiors are also charming: large, well-balanced rooms (the average living-room about thirty by twenty, with a ten-foot ceiling), fireplaces in all rooms that would be used for entertaining, and enormous single-pane plate-glass windows. The "C" duplex apartment of twelve rooms and five baths is my favorite. Entering a long gallery, you face the living-room, flanked by the library and the dining-room, each fronting squarely on the Park. On the floor above, three of the four masters' bedrooms are placed the same way, with multitudinous closets and large, austerely white-tiled baths properly dispersed. The service quarters are grouped in the rear.

The single-floor apartments are also very well laid out. The bedrooms are properly segregated from the main rooms, and the libraries are connected with baths, to permit a lapse into old-fashioned overnight hospitality.

ENTIRELY coöperative, the apartments are sold (as is usual) without mantels, lighting fixtures, or paint; which means that one should make one's choice soon, in order to have time to struggle with the labor unions before the season begins. As in all Candela-Paterno houses, the doors are of beautifully lozenged hardwood, and the hardware is excellent. The prices, roughly, range from $48,000 for a ten-room duplex on the third and fourth floors, to $160,000 for fourteen rooms and

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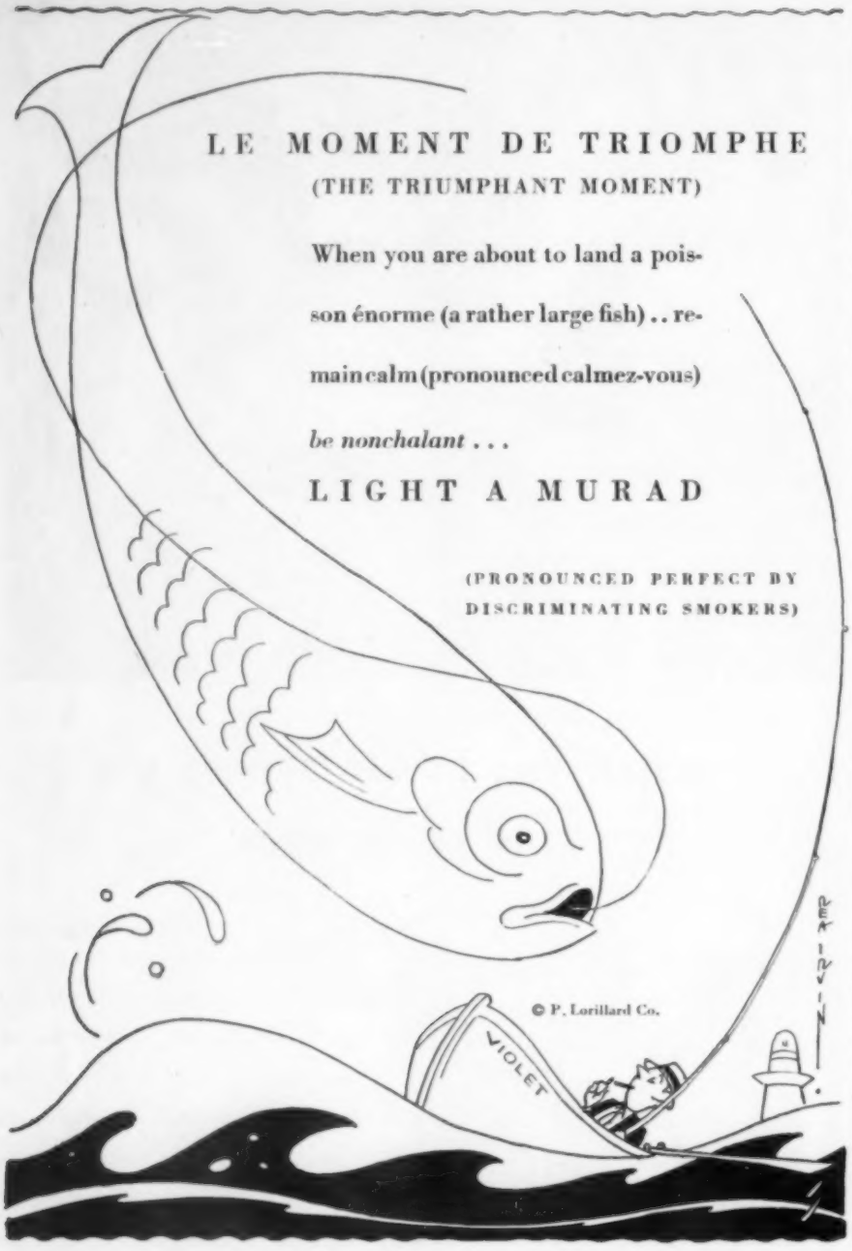
LE MOMENT DE TRIOMPHE
(THE TRIUMPHANT MOMENT)
When you are about to land a poisson énorme (a rather large fish) .. remain calm (pronounced calmez-vous)
be nonchalant . . .
LIGHT A MURAD
(PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS)
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several terraces, on the entire fifteenth floor. The estimated annual maintenance charges will be a little over ten per cent. Douglas L. Elliman & Company are in charge.

"HARRY," "Osborne," "Pickwick," "Geoffrey," "Randolph" may be just names to you, but they have become definite personalities in the real-estate world since the Town House, 108 East Thirty-eighth Street, took to identifying its apartments that way. Whether or not this type of humor appeals to you, you will want to see the apartments if you are in the market for one, two, or three rooms, or for a remarkable, small duplex penthouse.

The Town House is original in other ways too. Its modern architecture, by Bowden & Russell, employs black and blackish-red brick, glass brick, startling tiles, and exterior electric lighting, with extraordinary effects; and its interiors are just as unusual. Its single-room apartments have built-in dressing-rooms which should be irresistible; they have dressing-tables to which are attached drawers, sliding shelves, hat and shoe cupboards, clothes compartments, lights, plugs for electric connections, and practically everything else you can think of. The kitchenettes are quite as complete, with gas refrigeration and cooking equipment. The landlord, incidentally, pays for the gas used in the refrigerator, as he does for maid service—up to the fifteenth floor—and window-cleaning. If you prefer to arrange for your own housework, five dollars a month per room is deducted from your rent. The bathrooms, by the way, have lights that slide around the mirrors to any angle desirable.

Usually such a multiplicity of gadgets is used to conceal some awful major structural mistake of the builders, but this is far from the case with the Town House. The plans are all right. No living-room has to be crossed to reach any other room; the metal casement windows are ample, strong, and good-looking; the floors are made of polished and soundless cork block; you can get a terrace (one big enough for serious use) anywhere from the seventh floor up; innumerable entrance foyers have banks of windows and are connected with kitchenettes, making delightful vest-pocket dining-rooms; the rooms are not only good-sized but beautifully proportioned; and finally, though the

"Many Men are Failures because of *INTESTINAL FATIGUE*"

declares Italy's great Physician-Statesman

GRANDE UFFICIALE PROFESSORE DOTTORE RAFFAELE PAOLUCCI, of Rome . . . Director of the Lanciano Hospital, physician, statesman . . . is one of the most commanding figures in European medical and political life.

REMEMBER those dreams you had when you were a boy? Dreams of achievement, success . . .

Why haven't they come true?

Here is what a famous European physician has to say . . . Dr. Raffaele Paolucci, a noted clinic head and vice-president of the Italian Chamber of Deputies . . . a man who has made his mark in *two* great fields of work.

"Frequently," Dr. Paolucci says, "a doctor comes upon really strong personalities who have been unsuccessful because of the effects of constipation—'intestinal fatigue.'

"How can this condition be corrected? Obviously not by purgatives and laxative pills," he explains.

"'Fresh yeast,' he declares, "strengthens 'tired' intestines, restoring their activity so that poisons no longer form. Appetite and digestion improve . . . the individual's whole appearance is freshened."

Is this how you feel? Intestinal poisons may be the cause, doctors say. Correct this trouble with yeast.

Think of it—just a simple fresh food that brings really natural relief from constipation . . . that tones up your whole system . . . helps you regain mental alertness, energy, "pep"!

Try it! Each cake of *Fleischmann's* Yeast, you know, is rich in the indispensable vitamins B, G, and D. At grocers', restaurants and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 595 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

Noted Hospital Heads agree:—

DR. PONTOPPIDAN, of Copenhagen's Municipal Hospital, says, "I have had excellent results from fresh yeast for run-down conditions caused by constipation."

DR. ALMKVIST, head of Stockholm's St. Göran Hospital, says, "Yeast cleanses the intestines . . . helps free the system of poisons."

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"I felt groggy from constipation," *writes* George F. Sullivan *of Mattapan, Mass.* "Fleischmann's Yeast cleared out my system and brought back appetite and sleep."

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (hot or cold) or any way you like.

Art *E. Walker* and *Nick B. Mamer*, who established a unique transcontinental air record with their famous Spokane "Sun God," write: "For some time before our flight we ate Fleischmann's Yeast, on the advice of dietitians. It kept our systems 'regular' and in tip-top condition."

MALLORY HATS THE HATS OF YOUTHFUL SMARTNESS

The Wise Men of Gotham...The well-to-do are well-to-do because they're hard-to-do. They buy value. This Fall, the New Yorker chooses a Mallory Hat because, being "Cravenette"-Processed, it looks much smarter much longer.

Only A Mallory Is "Cravenette"

PRICED AT $6.50 AND UPWARD

ESTABLISHED 1823 Cravenette MALLORY FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY
392 Fifth Avenue, New York

house is in the middle of an ordinary midtown block, it gets good light.

The tower apartments of the Town House—simplex and duplex penthouses of almost any size, all with ample sections of terrace, sometimes two and three to one suite—are not only extremely smart, but should be equally comfortable; for they all have bay windows, unexpected fireplaces, any amount of locker-sized closets (in addition to standard ones), and unusually civilized lavatory arrangements. Such defects as the Town House does have are those to be expected when you are building a house with elaborate setbacks and consequently have an inordinate number of beams and pillars to cope with. These, however, are usually rounded off into utilitarian niches, like bookcases.

The prices are moderate in the main block of the house, and highish in the tower; from about $1,000 annual rent for one room, dressing-room, bath, kitchenette, foyer, and closets on the low floors, to $4,800 for a large living-room with a fireplace, bedroom, terrace, foyer, and pantry, on the fourteenth floor. Tower apartments cost between $5,500 and $9,000. R. M. Dinsmore & Company, on the premises, are the agents.

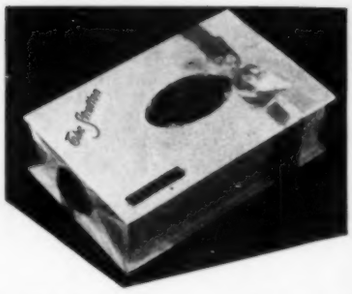
ANOTHER good, low-priced building full of small apartments has risen in First Avenue—405 East Fifty-fourth Street, connected up with its twin, 404 East Fifty-fifth Street, by a passageway. Suites of from two rooms and bath to four rooms (two of them bedrooms) and two baths rent for from about $1,000 to $2,650 a year. The best feature is very large foyers, connected with the well-equipped and attractive kitchens, giving dining-space where none has a right to be. Crystal & Crystal, the builders, who specialize in houses of this type, have employed all their experience to advantage. The rooms are of good size, General Electric refrigerators are provided, closets are large and numerous, and fireplaces frequent. Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought are the agents.

—PENTHOUSE

•

David Bennett, dance instructor at the Paramount studios in Hollywood, believes that dancing is to the human being what wagging the tail is to a dog.—*Boston Herald.*

A dance instructor has to believe in *something*.



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-- but you would never guess it!

HONEY-MAID Chocolates are the most unique candies that skill and science have yet produced. No honey taste--just delightfully different.

Wondrous variety--nuts, fruits, assorted cremes; nougats, chewy centers--all made from finest Clover Honey covered with rich, smooth chocolate.

Ask any leading dealer for the 1 lb. STRATTON Box of HONEY-MAID Chocolates, $1.50. They tempt any taste, and happily are **less fattening** than other sweets.

The Honey Candy Co. of America, Buffalo, N.Y.
The Albert N. Duker Org'n., N.Y. Distr., 140 William St.

TUESDAY—the day when Hans Hauptbahnhof, *Vintner*, discovered that he had accidentally invented sauerkraut, by losing a cabbage in a vat of wine that had gone sour, thus winning for himself the Freedom of the

It's Tuesday.

City of Frankfort. Tuesday is also the day when dinner is ordered early, so that it's over by 8.45 p. m., in time to hear The Premier Chef and his Premier Salad Dressers sending their hot, sweet and sour notes over the air from WABC.

BR'ER RABBIT BALL

IN spite of the fact that some of my friends in the baseball industry are kind enough to send me passes every spring, my average attendance at ball parks for the last three seasons has been two times per season (aside from World's Series) and I probably wouldn't have gone that often but for the alleged necessity of getting my innumerable grandchildren out in the fresh air once in a while. During the games, I answer what questions they ask me to the best of my knowledge and belief, but most of the afternoon I devote to a handy pocket edition of one of Edgar Wallace's sex stories because the events on the field make me yearn for a bottle of Mothersill's Remedy.

Manufacturers of what they are using for a ball, and high officials of the big leagues, claim that the sphere contains the same ingredients, mixed in the same way, as in days of old. Those who believe them should visit their neighborhood psychiatrist at the earliest possible moment.

When I was chasing around the circuit as chronicler of the important deeds of Cubs or White Sox, it was my custom and that of my colleagues to start making up our box scores along about the seventh inning in cases where one club was leading its opponent by ten runs. Nowadays the baseball reporters don't dare try to guess the answer even if there are two out in the last half of the ninth inning and the score is 21 to 14.

I have always been a fellow who liked to see efficiency rewarded. If a pitcher pitched a swell game, I wanted him to win it. So it kind of sickens me to watch a typical pastime of today in which a good pitcher, after an hour and fifty minutes of deserved mastery of his opponents, can suddenly be made to look like a bum by four or five great sluggers who couldn't have held a job as bat boy on the Niles High School scrubs.

LET us say that the Cubs have a series in Brooklyn. They get over there at eleven in the morning so they can find the park by the time the game begins. The game develops into a pitchers' battle between Charlie Root, Bud Teachout, Guy Bush, and Pat Malone for the Cubs and Dazzy Vance, Jim Elliott, and Adolfo Luque for the Robins. The last half of the ninth inning arrives with the score 12 to 8 in Chicago's favor—practically a no-hit game in these days. Somebody tries to strike out, but Malone hits his bat and the ball travels lightly along the ground toward third base. Woody English courageously gets in front of it and has two fingers broken. This is a superficial injury for an infielder of the present, so Woody stays in the game. The Brooklyn man is safe at first. The next Brooklyn man, left-handed and a born perpendicular swatsman, takes a toehold and crashes a pop fly toward Charlie Grimm. The pellet goes over the right-field fence like a shot and breaks a window in a synagogue four blocks away.

Manager McCarthy removes Malone and substitutes Blake, hoping the latter will give a few bases on balls and slow up the scoring. But Blake gives only two bases on balls and then loses control. He pitches one over the plate and the batsman, another left-hander who, with the old ball, would have been considered too feeble to hit fungoes on one of these here miniature golf courses, pops it over the fence to the beach at Far Rockaway, where it just misses a young married couple called Rosenwald. The victory is Brooklyn's and the official scorer puts the names of a lot of pitchers, including Rucker and Grimes, into a hat and the first name drawn out gets the credit.

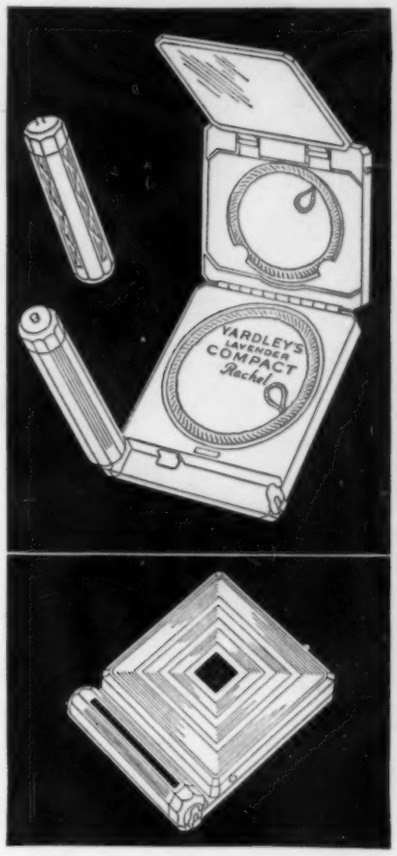
I mean it kind of upsets me to see good pitchers shot to pieces by boys who, in my time, would have been ushers. It gnaws at my vitals to see a club with three regular outfielders who are smacked on top of the head by every fly ball that miraculously stays inside the park—who ought to pay their way in, but who draw large salaries and are known as stars because of the lofty heights to which they can hoist a leather-covered sphere stuffed with dynamite.

THOSE who are cognizant of my great age ask me sometimes what

WHERE DO ALL THE

Lipsticks

GO?



IT SEEMS a shame, but very few lipsticks live to complete their destiny. Months before their time, they've vanished down the long, long trail.

In the Yardley Triple Compact we've taken up this matter. We've made your lipstick part of your compact, anchored it so firmly that you could scarcely pry it loose. We've included two full-sized lipsticks in day and evening shades *and made them interchangeable.* We've placed the whole thing . . . powder, rouge, and lipsticks . . . in a case of silver and jade-green . . . decorative as a spray of orchids.

The price of this diverting cosmetic potpourri is $3.50 (with *both* lipsticks). Separately the lipsticks are 75 cents each, or packed together, natural for daytime, vivid or cherry for evening, $1.50. Your favorite shop will have the Yardley compact.

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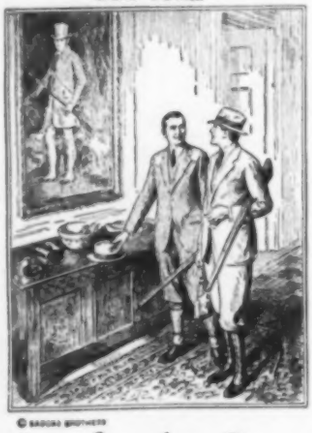


Clothes for the Country

Send for "A Wardrobe for Autumn Sport"

BRANCH STORES

BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET

NEWPORT PALM BEACH

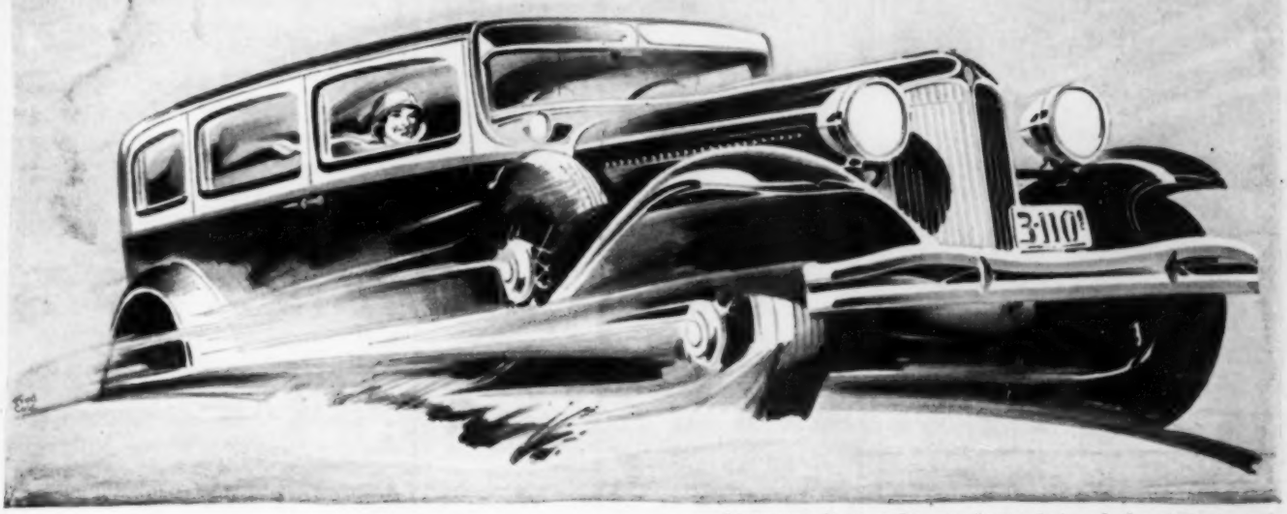
Larry Lajoie would do in this "game." Well, he wouldn't do anything after one day. Larry wasn't a fly-ball hitter. When he got a hold of one, it usually hit the fence on the first bounce, travelling about five feet three inches above the ground most of the way and removing the ears of all infielders who didn't throw themselves flat on their stomachs the instant they saw him swing. They wouldn't have time to duck this ball, and after the battle there would be a meeting of earless infielders, threatening a general walk-out if that big French gunman were allowed in the park again, even with a toothpick in his hand.

BUT without consulting my archives I can recall a dozen left-handed batsmen who hit fly balls or high line drives and who hit them so far that opposing right and centre-fielders moved back and rested their spinal columns against the fence when it was these guys' turn to bat.

I need mention only four of this bunch—two from each league—to give my contemporaries a talking point when their grandchildren boast of the prowess of the O'Douls, Kleins, and Hermans of today. The four I will select offhand are Elmer Flick and Sam Crawford of the American League and Harry Lumley and Frank Schulte of the National.

In the year 1911 (I think it was) Mr. Schulte led the National League in homers with a total of twenty-one. Such a number would be disgraceful in these days, when a pitcher gets almost that many. Just the same, I am willing to make a bet, which never can be decided, that Frank, with the present ball in play, would just about treble that total and finish so close to

CHRYSLER
NEW STRAIGHT
EIGHTS



CHRYSLER EIGHT SEDAN, $1525 (*wire wheel equipment extra*)

CHRYSLER EIGHT — Standard Models — Roadster $1495; Coupe $1495; Sedan $1525—Special Coupe $1535; Special Sedan $1565; Special Convertible Coupe $1665; Sport Roadster (6 wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595. All prices f. o. b. factory. CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—5-Passenger Sedan $2495; Close-Coupled Sedan $2595; 7-Passenger Sedan $2695; Sedan-Limousine $2895. All prices f. o. b. factory. All Imperial prices include choice of six wire or demountable wood wheels, fender wells, trunk rack, bumpers and specially-painted fenders.

Two Straight Eights . . . Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight . . . Eights of dynamic modern beauty and smartness . . . Eights of spectacular power and speed . . . Eights that introduce brand-new degrees of flexibility and smoothness . . . Eights with Chrysler 4-speed transmission and Multi-Range gear shift, providing *two* high-gear speed ranges . . . Eights with the famous Chrysler weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes . . . Eights so low they fairly hug the ground, yet with no sacrifice of inside roominess . . . Eights engineered, built and appointed with the most exacting care and precision . . . Eights so moderate in price that we believe they set a new measure of eight-cylinder value . . . Eights every motoring enthusiast should lose no time seeing and driving.

Chrysler Eight and Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.

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WHY BAKE YOURSELF TO BAKE A HAM

—when Hormel cooks Ham for you?

ALL you need do is 30 minutes of oven browning. A moment or two garnishing with brown sugar and cloves adds a delicious touch—and you're ready to serve baked ham with one-fifth the usual kitchen time and labor. To grill this ham takes but 3 minutes. Serve cold instantly.

There's no waste to Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham. No bone, no skin, no surplus fat. Every morsel is usable and delicious. Flavor-Sealed cooking—which means cooked in the package—retains all the juices and flavors. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

HORMEL* Flavor Sealed HAM

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HOTELS of DISTINCTION

FRED STERRY President (SP) JOHN D. OWEN Manager

The PLAZA New York

the Babe himself that it would take until December to count the ballots. I have frequently seen, in the dim, dead past, the figures of Fielder Jones and Eddie Hahn backing up against the hay-wire when Flick or Crawford came to bat, and on one occasion, when we travelled east on the same train as the Detroit club, I overheard a bit of repartee between Jones and Samuel. That afternoon Jones had caught three fly balls off Sam without moving more than a yard out of his position, which was a comfortable one, with the fence for a back rest.

"Why," said Sam grumblingly, "were you playing pretty near out of the park for me?"

"Why," said Jones, "do you always hit to the same place?"

Right-fielders were constantly robbing Lumley and Flick of two-base hits or worse by lolling against the bleacher wall—and it must be remembered that in those ancient times bleachers were far enough from the playing field so that the first and third-base coachers couldn't sit in them.

SPEAKING of Mr. Lumley (if you've heard this before, don't stop me), we (the Cubs) came east one season and we had a pitcher named Edward Reulbach, who was great when he had control and terrible when he lacked it. On this trip he lacked it to such an extent that Manager Chance ordered him to pay forenoon visits to each hostile battlefield and pitch to the rival batsmen in their practice. The latter had no objection—it just meant somebody to hit against without wearing out one of their own men.

Well, we got to Brooklyn and after a certain game the same idea entered the minds of Mr. Schulte, Mr. Lumley, and your reporter, namely: that we should see the Borough by night. The next morning, Lumley had to report for practice and, so far as he was concerned, the visibility was very bad. Reulbach struck him out three times on low curve balls inside.

"I have got Lumley's weakness!" said Ed to Chance that afternoon.

"All right," said the manager. "When they come to Chicago, you can try it against him."

Brooklyn eventually came to Chicago and Reulbach pitched Lumley a low curve ball on the inside. Lumley had enjoyed a good night's sleep, and if it had been a 1930 vintage ball, it would have landed in Des Moines, Iowa. As it was, it cleared the fence by ten feet and Schulte, playing right

field and watching its flight, shouted: "There goes Lumley's weakness!"

WELL, the other day a great ball-player whom I won't name (he holds the home-run record and gets eighty thousand dollars a year) told a friend of mine in confidence (so you must keep this under your hat) that there are at least fifteen outfielders now playing regular positions in his own league who would not have been allowed bench-room the year he broke in. Myself, I just can't stomach it, but Brooklyn recently played to one hundred and ten thousand people in four games at Chicago, so I don't believe we'll ever get even light wines and beer. —RING LARDNER

•

COMMENTS FROM A COUNTRY GARDEN

I

Most snakes are harmless, well I know.
I like the sliding way they go
With lithe scaled bodies slipping through
The grass, not spilling the light dew.
And yet this admiration makes
Me not the less afraid of snakes.

II

You've heard a blossoming garden plot
Is reckoned as a lovesome spot:
There is no pleasure like a seed
Tended and guarded through its need
Until it blooms—yet I by far
Prefer mine wild, or in a jar.

III

In England your thoughts turn to teas
In lovely gardens under trees.
Thin bread and butter, slice by slice,
Strawberries and clotted cream are nice,
And a great teapot in a hood
To keep the tea content and good.

IV

When it is hot, I *let* it be:
I think of apes in a palm tree,
I act as lazy as I can,
I don't despise a moon-shaped fan,
I do things suitable to shade
And leisure and iced lemonade.

V

No two woods burn alike. The trees
Have all their personalities.
So do their ghosts, which make our fires:
Some burn in sparks and some in spires,
Some fast, some slow. Old apple wood
Is most companionable and good.
—ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

IN this period of extravagant claims and doubtful price "concessions" it is important to remember that Shayne prices are influenced solely by the intrinsic value of the fur itself. We do not say, "Buy here because our furs used to be priced higher." Rather, we say, " . . . because our prices are *always* too low to permit reduction."

Photo by Mitchell

HORTENSE ALDEN IN "LYSISTRATA"

C. C. SHAYNE & CO.

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ESTABLISHED 1865 . . . . . Still under same ownership

91
Apartments rented

....because it offers twice as many features, at rentals no higher than the *stereotyped* apartment Sunken studio living rooms (16'x27') with wrought iron railings and wood-burning fireplaces... dining rooms (15'x22').... chambers (14'6"x22') with high tiled bathrooms...mechanical refrigeration.... all rooms have casement windows and recessed radiators. Several special apartments with terraces

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4 Rooms..from $2000
6 Rooms..from $3000
also 3, 5 and 7 Rooms

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180 East 79th

TISHMAN REALTY & CONSTRUCTION CO. INC.
285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners and Builders Since 1898

THE "INTEROCEANIC MAGAZINE" TAKES AFTER THE RADIO

THIS is the *Interoceanic Magazine*, New York, mailed at the second-class rate by authority of the United States Post Office Department, Elmer J. Gamble editing. Page one. "The Battle of the Marne," a reminiscent article by General Joseph M. Huggins, M.P., D.C., illustrated by Trent Hume, presented by the Dollopus Can Opener Company, manufacturers of the Dollopus Can Opener—it's sharpened! If you have cans to open remember the Dollopus Can Opener, a size to fit every can. Thirty-two thousand manicurists say: "Use the Dollopus—it saves the hands. Avoid ugly cuts and scratches. Use Dollopus—it's sharpened!" . . .

On the sixteenth my division—the Seventy-second—had advanced to the edge of the river where they were to await the arrival of the Fifty-ninth Division, which had met severe opposition, having come face to face with Von Untergruest's Third Division, who were supported by the Berliner Schutzenfest with thirty-eight sixty-two-pounders and two troops of Uhlans. Just before dawn on the seventeenth—

THIS is the *Interoceanic Magazine*, New York, mailed at the second-class rate by authority of the United States Post Office Department, Myra Clegg assistant-editing. When you hear the musical note it will be exactly nine seconds after nine o'clock. This is a Scummins service. Scummins watches and clocks are now being shown by all drugstores. They tick! Get ready! Wong!

WORD reached me that the Sixty-second Division had pushed on past the Seventy-second's right flank, taking Hill 954 without opposition. This presented a serious situation should Von Stumph throw the Dresdener Maennerchor into the gap between Casey and Peabody. I ordered McNulty to add the Sixty-second to the Thirty-ninth, thus making it the One-Hundred-and-First, and so confusing the enemy. (To be continued.) . . .

It's sharpened! It opens the can! Re-

ONE

That your apartment is all it could be adds to the satisfaction of living in it. This first apartment hotel on our finest avenue enjoys high repute among those

FIFTH

who know it...Apartments available are of one, two or more rooms; some with roof terraces. Full hotel service. On lease, furnished or unfurnished.

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Hotel Pierre
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NEW YORK

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OPEN
OCTOBER FIRST

Typically Furnished Suites may be seen by Appointment
Telephone REGent 5901

member the name—the Dollopus Can Opener, made by the Dollopus Can Opener Company, Dollopus, Ohio. It's sharpened!

THIS is the *Interoceanic Magazine*, New York, mailed at the second-class rate by authority of the United States Post Office Department, Edwin Bemis second-assistant-editing. Page three. Poem. "Spring;" by Ardelia Wendell. Illustrated by Ben Chuck. Presented by the Blue Shield Kitchenware and Notion Manufacturing Company and introduced by Lloyd Gibson. . . .

WellfriendsIamagaingoingtotakeyou through the factory of the Blue Shield Kitchenware and Manufacturing Company at Coon Creek New Hampshire where last week we saw the bants putton—pants buttons being made and this week we will see—

[And so on for two pages.]

THIS is the *Interoceanic Magazine*, New York, mailed at the second-class rate by authority of the United States Post Office Department, Edwin Bemis second-assistant-editing. You have just read the introduction to the poem "Spring," a poem by Ardelia Wendell, illustrated by Ben Chuck, the introduction by Lloyd Gibson. You will now read the poem "Spring" by Ardelia Wendell, which will be explained by Professor Norbert Spelter. . . .

My dear friends, it is indeed a great pleasure to write this explanation of Miss Wendell's poem for you, because in it Miss Wendell expresses so beauti-

LIONCEAU

All the gaiety and youth of fresh blonde beauty is bottled up in Lionceau's Parfum pour Blondes. This is the natural choice of all fair women, alive to things smartly modern...the perfume note that accents their glowing *joie de vivre.* In four convenient sizes. Face powder, dusting powder, and lipstick in the same delightful fragrance.

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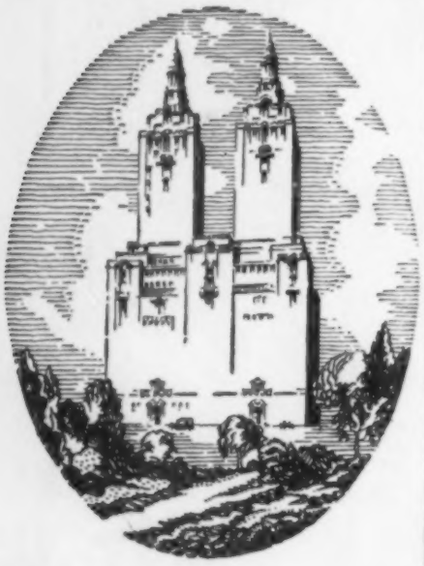

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fully the thoughts that we all feel when the beauteous Spring arrives, bringing the flowers and the birds, and we hear them singing in the trees. You will notice, my dear friends and readers, that in this poem Miss Wendell makes use of a noun—a plural noun—in the first line and also in the second line, making two nouns, while she uses but one verb, thus securing an effect somewhat like a team of horses harnessed to one single lonely carriage, or buckboard. Miss Wendell was born and raised in Oklahoma, one of the states of this great country, and I am sure you will all enjoy her poem.

SPRING: A POEM
by Ardelia Wendell
Illustrated by Ben Chuck

Now it's spring and gentle breezes
Shake the buds of all the treeses.

The *Interoceanic Magazine* maintains an Entertainment Agency through which any of its authors can be obtained for authors' readings.

THIS is the *Interoceanic Magazine*, New York, mailed at second-class rates by authority of the United States Post Office Department, Elmer J. Gamble editing. We are closing the forms at exactly twelve o'clock, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Good night! God bless you!

—ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

•

BEEKMAN PLACE

She leaned upon her window-sill
To watch the river sliding by
Below the terra-cotta walls,
And breathed a sigh.

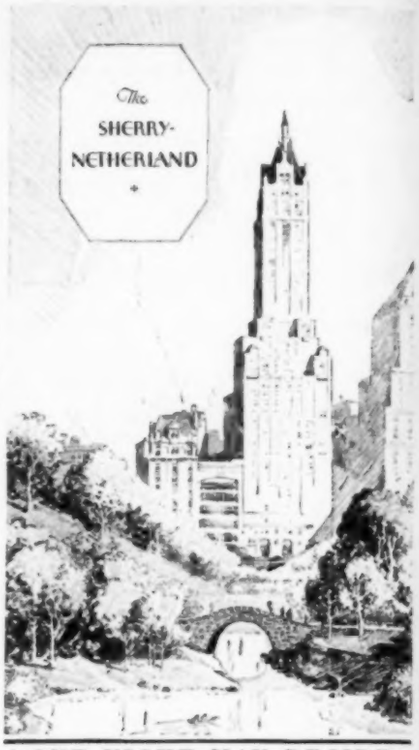
For "Nineteen rooms and fourteen baths
Seems rather large for only me,"
(And half a dozen well-trained maids
And footmen three).

She watched the river sliding by
And strings of barges in a line
And thought: "How charming it would be
If one were mine:

"A cabin with an airtight stove,
A red geranium in a pot,
A table and a rocking chair—
A single cot.

"For nineteen rooms is rather large
And servants nine too many
If one could live on a river barge
Without a penny."

—FRANCES PARK



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TEE AND GREEN

The Quarry at Merion—
Young Jones in Stripes—
Chick Evans of Chicago

THE Merion Cricket Club course has other distinctions besides being the only course in the country to be chosen for three National Amateur Championships. Nobody is going to fool with that course. It's long, with some unique spots in it. Take the last three holes, for instance—many a match is going to break up there. The last three are important on any course, but those at Merion are famous. An old quarry shaped like a huge flat footprint cuts into the course there, and the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth holes have been laid out so that the quarry breaks up the fairway of each of them. You have to carry its west end on your second shot on the sixteenth, and here the quarry is ugly; its walls are rock; its floor is sand bristling with patches of tough grass. Standing on the seventeenth tee, you look into it again, and your 215-yard iron must carry its width and a rough slope on the other side to get the green. Starting home on the eighteenth, your tee-shot must arch 180 yards over it before there is safe ground underneath.

PEOPLE are going to hear about that quarry. Relic of a bygone, ineffective effort at civilizing this wild patch of ground, it has kept its mood unchanged in the politely cultured Merion wilderness. Few golfers have been able to straighten their game out after it got hold of a ball, even for a second. In 1924 Roland MacKenzie was the only man in the tournament who fought the quarry and won. He was playing Von Elm—had been 8 down once, but cut his opponent's lead to one as they came to the eighteenth tee. He topped his drive, but hit it so hard that it ran through the quarry and up a rough slope on the other side, 300 yards from the flag. Von Elm was way down the fairway. MacKenzie laid his ball on the green with his brassie and sank a long putt to win the hole and square the match. That brassie was the greatest shot of the tournament, but it helped MacKenzie only tempo-

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James B. Hipple

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rarily; Von Elm took the thirty-seventh hole and went on to the finals.

MacKenzie was only a kid, well under twenty, when he played his famous shot. Eight years earlier another boy had done brilliantly at Merion, winning the qualifying medal and several hard matches. Thinner than he is now but almost as strong, a stocky boy in tight, striped flannels and a checkered cap, Bobby Jones had got his name in the papers for the first time by that performance. Experienced golfers were not excited about him. They pointed to the crazy way he threw his clubs around after missing a shot as evidence that, like other boy wonders, he would soon slip out of sight.

CHICK EVANS won the title that year. Now he is going to be at Merion again and it is conceivable that he and Jones may play against each other. I don't think that Evans' best friend would maintain that the Chicagoan could give Jones trouble today, but simply for the associations in it, a match between them would be dramatic.

In the golf generation whose younger players have become the older ones of the present, Chick Evans came near having the status that Jones has now. Actually, of course, he never quite achieved it, and I think this is the basis of an unexpressed envy that he has naturally felt toward Jones—the envy of a man who saw someone else reach a place he, with an equal chance, could have got to himself. If Evans believes this, he is right; he proved at his best that he was as much a genius at the game as anyone who came before or after him. That fundamental talent, a feeling for the game, Jones and Evans had equally, but in every other way, in all the things necessary besides talent to make a great golfer, the Atlantan was much better equipped. Mon-

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HOMERIC

ey, strength, old friends who went with him everywhere, and whose loyalty was like a blood-tie—Jones had it all and Evans didn't.

Chick Evans was born in Indianapolis. His family moved to Chicago and took a house near the Edgewater course. They were not rich people; Evans is one of the few top-flight amateurs who learned the game as a caddy. Later, in the excitement of his first successes, he showed an amazing talent for being popular. Jones has never been popular like that. The crowds that tramped behind Evans when he played anywhere near home were not merely golf fans turning out to see the year's great attraction; they were friends of his, they called him by his first name without caring whether he remembered theirs or not.

It seemed as if golf had opened wonderful doors for Evans, but somehow whenever he moved toward an opportunity something happened. A famous speculator told him to buy five hundred shares of a stock that looked good for a rise; the man even said that if the tip went wrong he would protect him. Instead of five hundred shares Evans bought five thousand, and when he was nipped there was no way of getting out. He did other impractical things. Francis Ouimet caught a bad cold motoring from Boston to Oakmont in 1919. He beat Evans, and when the papers gave him credit for winning with a cold, Evans wanted to know why they hadn't put in that he too, in defeat, had been handicapped by neuritis. He issued public statements criticizing writers who failed to give him credit for his victories.

BEHAVIOR like that undoubtedly hurt his standing with the public, but not with people who understand him. They know that his instability is habitual and find it rather attractive. To them he is the temperamental, brilliant boy golfer who could upset Travers and Ouimet. He is still in the brokerage business. He is not particularly well off, but he plays golf whenever he can. Let us admit that we are among those who hope he will find a good round in his bag for Merion.

—N. B., Jr.

•

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[*From an adv. in a New York newspaper*]

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POLO

Heavyweights and the Ponies — Captain Guest of London — The Man Behind Hitchcock

FUTURE International matches might be more fun for the spectators—as well as for the challengers—if the visiting side were told to leave its ponies at home. Every manner of bringing ponies here has been tried now. The Argentines brought theirs weeks and weeks ahead of time in 1928, and this year the British didn't bring theirs until the last minute. The results, however, have been the same: the home side was always better mounted.

This, to be sure, was in one respect only, but in a most important respect—that of stamina. The visiting ponies cannot last as the home ponies last—and they give you no time out to change mounts in an International match. It would make things much more sporting to line up all the American ponies before the series and then allow the players of both teams to choose their horses, one by one, after the manner of boys picking sides for a game of ball.

Apparently it takes about a year for ponies to become thoroughly at home in a new country; and with the expenses of a trip from England running well over the hundred-thousand mark as it is, it is hard to see how ponies can be sent over a year ahead of time. Those that the Argentines brought to California last winter and left here with the American string were in top form for these matches. They have been here about nine months.

THERE are indications also that the game is just about reaching the limit in the size of its players. That is, the horses have been required to carry as much weight as they can be expected to.

For quite a while in the American test matches Cecil Smith of Texas was a strong candidate for a place. He plays very good, very sound polo; but he weighs two hundred pounds, and often his ponies cannot last a full period with him. Earl Hopping weighs around a hundred and ninety pounds; it is not easy to find ponies for him to ride. The chances are they wouldn't

. . . "The smoke that thunders" . . . Victoria Falls. Nature in her most majestic mood! Incredible as it may seem . . . a modern hotel in this most primitive setting . . . gardens, wide verandahs, white clad servants, comfortable baths.

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be found if his magnificent hitting didn't make him such a valuable addition to any team. Lieutenant Guinness, of the British side, is also no lightweight, though not as heavy as Smith and Hopping. In the opening match, his ponies showed signs of weariness. One of them went dead before the end of the fourth period, and cost Britain a goal. Guinness was up in front alone when a pass came out, but he didn't have the speed to get to it. Gerald Balding, England's No. 1 of the first game, is another heavy man, and one of his main faults was lack of speed. His ponies couldn't get going under him.

The size of the horses has been changed. Once fourteen-hand ponies were used; now they must be fifteen hands and more. You can't use them much bigger, for then you would have to bring hunters into polo. For all the benefit that weight gives you in the bruising game of today, this International series has shown that a hundred and eighty pounds is about as heavy as a high-goal player should be.

THE emotions of Captain the Honourable Frederick E. Guest as he watched the opening game of the series between the United States and England must have been rather mixed. For years Captain Guest has been a power in the affairs of the Hurlingham Club, which is London's equivalent of Meadow Brook. Yet he watched this first match from the American picket-line, and gave advice and encouragement to a member of the American team—Winston Guest, his son, the tall young man who has become, in the past few years, the most important polo player in America.

Calling Winston Guest the most important player in American polo borders on blasphemy, for the rightful holder of that title is Thomas Hitchcock, Jr. That is undeniable. If,

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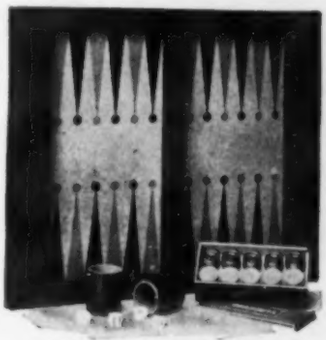

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"Wife on vacation, King?"
"Vacation nothing. Nice girl, but I simply had to swap her in for this Flit Gun."

(Advertisement)

however, Winston Guest had chosen, as he well might have, to cast his fortunes with the British, there would not be so much talk of America's supremacy in polo today. The first of this year's International games presented a perfect demonstration of the important part Guest plays on our team. The Americans won with something to spare; and after the opening periods of stubborn resistance, the Britons never really had much of a chance. This was because the relentless attack of the Americans gradually made it impossible for the challengers to do anything but play defensively. There was no one on the entire British team with the strength and the power to do more than delay the inevitable. There was no one with the strength to change a defence abruptly into an attack.

Now Winston Guest can do that. He can do it superbly. His defence is an attack, as is Hitchcock's; and between them, the American doctrine of attack, first, last, and always, works beautifully. Hitchcock, of course, is greatly responsible for that; but if you took away Guest and put him on the other side, the story would be quite different. Hitchcock cannot carry a team alone. He has won all of his International victories with Milburn or Guest at back. With an ordinary player behind him, he would not have quite the reputation he has at present.

At Meadow Brook: The start of the first big game being held up five minutes for the benefit of the movies. . . . Gentleman Jim Corbett arriving to see what polo is like. . . . Louis Stoddard rising in his box to consult with the umpires over a foul. . . . The bagpipes marching at the head of the British ponies in the parade. . . . Tommy Hitchcock embracing his father after the first game. . . . And, two days before the first game, Tommy Hitchcock, Pat Roark, and Charlie Schwartz broadcasting from the top of the empty stands. . . . Hitchcock's speech being hastily rewritten by lamplight when it was found to be almost the same as Schwartz'. . . . Roark and Hitchcock showing distinct signs of fright before the microphone, and of obvious relief when it was over. —Martingale

•

Mosquitoes may be rendered less menacing to man by the provision for them of shelter and food elsewhere than in human habitations.—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Put us down for six families.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mongols, Cannibals, and Even a Few Spies

FOR the last year there seems to have been a good deal of talk abroad, which naturally sifted somehow here, of "Storm Over Asia." Many returned travellers found it impossible to attend the movies here because, as they eloquently said, an American film would appear too flat and stale after this magnificent Russian presentation. The serious art reviews, with their occasional references to the cinema, could only conjecture at the depth of stupidity which kept this film, because it might be too vicious or too revolutionary, from our shores. At last, however, the picture has arrived, brought across the seas like some magnificent and sinister émigré, a princeling movie, accustomed to the homage and elegance of the Old World, and has been housed here at the Cameo.

IT is a fine picture. It is not, however, by any means the knockout affair rumor had made it. It is just possible that the producers were not so much concerned with its subversive qualities as with the dubiety of its commercial value. It has not, for instance, the strength and beauty that "The End of St. Petersburg" had, though it belongs definitely to the same school of production.

"Storm Over Asia"—one of the grand epic titles, certainly, of this art—tells us of an uprising in 1918 of Mongolian peasants against the White Army. Synchronized with Wagner music, the film shows us the trappers and hunters of Eastern Russia, those descendants of the followers of Genghis Khan who have in the many hundred years since that chieftain's triumphs become miserable victims also of the Czarist rule. Their furs, their lush silver foxes, are bought from them for whatever bits of money the traders choose to toss them, and if they protest, there are troops to shoot them down. This sounds a little like the familiar propaganda of Soviet pictures, of which there is, to be sure, the due amount here. Not that it is up to us to argue its truth. Certainly, however, there is

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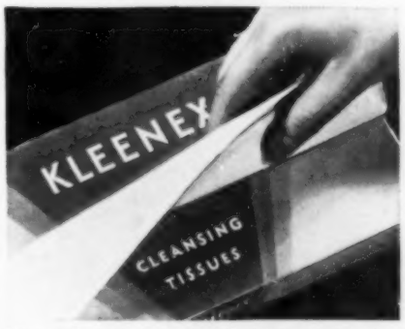
Helen Morgan

She started all America singing "Can't help lovin' that man". . . she played in some of the greatest successes Ziegfeld has ever known . . . and she tells you here how she protects the beauty that made her famous.

YOU saw her in "Show Boat," didn't you? And if you are human—and feminine—you *must* have wondered how she preserves her creamy skin and cool, magnolia beauty.

Well—take a peep into her dressing room!



More and more people are using Kleenex to replace handkerchiefs. It is especially valuable during colds, to avoid reinfection.

Right past the doorman, into the star's own inner sanctum! And here we find her, cleansing her skin . . . with Kleenex!

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You see, Helen Morgan knows the importance of proper cleansing. So she uses Kleenex.

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The Picture New York is cheering!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK, Presents

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First All Talking Picture

"LINCOLN"

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A New Comedy with Lynne Overman, Irene Purcell, Henry Stephenson, Charlotte Granville

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The comedy hit you hear about!

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"THE UP AND UP"

An Exciting Comedy of New York

By Eva Kay Flint and Martha Madison

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Brock Pemberton Presents

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Preston Sturges' famous comedy with TULLIO CARMINATI

Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton

Never at cut rates

AVON Thea., W. 45 St. Evgs. 8:50 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30 2nd YEAR

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

TORCH SONG

New drama by KENYON NICHOLSON

"The most noteworthy offering of the new season. As I left the theatre they were standing in the aisles cheering."—*Robert Garland, Telegram.*

PLYMOUTH THEA., 45th St., W. of B'way Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

nothing too revolutionary in its precepts for sensitive wits. I am sorry to tell you also, children, that there is nothing vicious either.

In case you can drag yourself to it after that statement you will find in it momentary flashes of quick beauty, but I think above all things you will like its vivid picturing of the Mongols, of that people so unknown to us. As is so often the way of these pictures, there are many closeups of characters: a group flashed on, and then the camera returning and taking one by one each person there for our deliberate survey. The principal—the "juvenile," though the stagey word sounds absurd applied here—the Mongol who proves to be a direct descendant of the great Khan, would add a new color to our Hollywood productions. He is a Mr. V. Inkizhinov. That little delicate Mongol touch might do us all a lot of good.

"The Sea God" takes us to the Solomon Islands for a jaunt among the cannibals, but in the familiar American movie manner. I don't mean to indicate that this is a travelogue; it's drama with villains and a beautiful young girl, and Richard Arlen. Both Miss Fay Wray, the girl, and Mr. Arlen seem toothsome, naturally, to the cannibals, as well as being objects of dire hatred to pursuing whites. Mr. Arlen saves the situation by that old stunt, invaluable if you are dealing with barbarians, of passing himself off as a god. The white villains are eventually disposed of and I gather that the young people busy themselves with some pearl-diving and acquire a happy competence at last. The whole picture has its moments but is very much a routine affair.

"Three Faces East" ranks about as high from the point of entertainment value as "The Sea God." It's an entirely different story, of course, being on the spy theme. Constance Bennett is a lovely girl spy, and you don't know for sure until the end whether she is on the English or the German side. Most of the action takes place in the great manor house of the First Lord of the British Admiralty,

EMBASSY THE NEWSREEL THEATRE BROADWAY AND 46th ST.

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JOHN BARRYMORE in "MOBY DICK"

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Warner Bros. & Vitaphone Pictures Both Theatres Daily 2:45-8:45—Sun. 3-6-8:45

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GEORGE ARLISS in "OLD ENGLISH"

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GEORGE WHITE'S

ACE OF MUSICAL COMEDIES

FLYING HIGH

With BERT LAHR — OSCAR SHAW

SONGS BY DE SYLVA-BROWN & HENDERSON

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8th Edition All New

67 Glittering Scenes—1000 Laughs

HERB WILLIAMS—JIMMY SAVO—JACK BENNY

A cast of 150 and the Most Beautiful Girls in the World

462 Good Balcony Seats at $1.00

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, W. 42 ST.

Evenings & Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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WALTER WOOLF VIOLET HEMING

In ELMER HARRIS' American Version of PRINCE BIBESCO'S New Comedy Hit

LADIES ALL

"Should endure until long after Christmas"—*Bide Dudley, Eve. World*

ETHEL BARRYMORE Thea. 47th St. W. of B'way.

Evgs. 8:40; Matinées Wed. & Sat. 2:30

LEE SHUBERT presents

The Comedy Hit from the French

TOPAZE

WITH FRANK MORGAN

Catherine Willard—Clarence Derwent

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LEE SHUBERT Presents

UP POPS THE DEVIL

A New Comedy, with ROGER PRYOR

SALLY BATES & ALBERT HACKETT

MANSFIELD THEA., W. 47th St. Evs. 8:30 Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30

THE GREEN PASTURES

Pulitzer Prize Play

"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

"CARMEN" the DANCER

There she stands—
exotic, alluring
at the

NATIONAL
WINTER GARDEN
BURLESQUE

Watch her shake her mantilla! Observe her costume—such as it is! And for a thousand other delights

Come to
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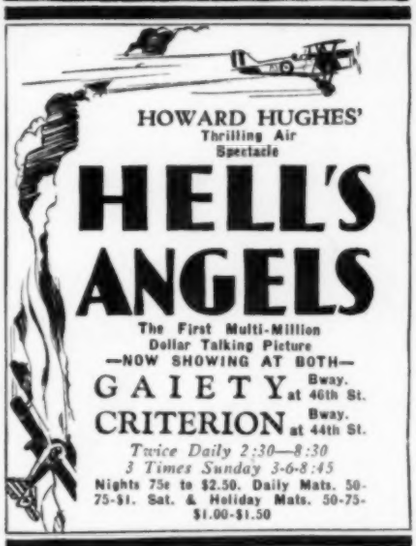
Mats. Daily 2:30—Evenings 8:30
New Show Every Monday
40 Palpitating Ponies and Principals



HOWARD HUGHES'
Thrilling Air
Spectacle

HELL'S
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The First Multi-Million
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—NOW SHOWING AT BOTH—
GAIETY Bway. at 46th St.
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Twice Daily 2:30—8:30
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Nights 75c to $2.50. Daily Mats. 50-75-$1. Sat. & Holiday Mats. 50-75-$1.00-$1.50

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THE NEW
GARRICK GAIETIES
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way.
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

RKO PALACE 47th St. & B'way
WORLD'S GREATEST
Everything New
SHOW
Gorgeous Revue

LOEW'S LEXINGTON
51st ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.
Sept. 13, 14, 15 WILLIAM HAINES in "Way Out West:" Sept. 16 & 17 MORAN & MACK in "ANYBODY'S WAR." Sept. 18 & 19 The musical comedy hit "QUEEN HIGH."

where Eric von Stroheim is, of all things, butler. His lordship would have at that time an unmistakably German houseman, of course! The spies have the trouble in this story, which they often seem to have, of dropping about little bangles and bijoux always engraved "with love from the Kaiser," the kind of toy awfully hard to explain to Englishmen in those days. On the other hand the Kaiser must have been a very gullible, generous old party in those darkest days before Doorn.

THERE is also out on the world the movie of "Good News," a laborious, lengthy affair, and only a little bit better, with one or two of the old songs from the musical show, than a thing called "Dixiana," a farce with some music and many crinolines and a Mardi Gras in color. —J. C. M.

•

EIGHTH AVENUE

Past tram and truck and taxi
Where traffic's torrents race,
The pushcarts, at their lacksi-
Daisical own pace,
In strange procession trundle
Along the crowded street
With bundle after bundle
Shrouded in its own sheet—
Dresses dangling armless,
Coat and cloak and suit,
Rack on rack of harmless,
Mysterious, and mute
Forms, all flat and faceless,
With hanger for a head.
They dip and sway like graceless
Dancing of the dead,
Jerk and swing and dangle
In limp and lifeless rows
At ghastly gallows' angle
As if perhaps—who knows?—
Moving from his castle
For lack of closet space
And renting to a vassal
That horror-haunted place,
Then prudently concealing
His keys and cut-throat knives,
Bluebeard here were wheeling
His cupboards full of wives.

—JEAN BATCHELOR

•

Thank you for the lovely, sane letter about telling the little ones. With a box of seeds planted in the window, a mother cat with two babies under my kitchen stove, and your wonderful letter tucked away in my desk I feel ready for anything.—*"Just Among Ourselves" Department in the Pictorial Review.*

Watch yourself, lady, watch yourself!

ringing the bell

consistently making a hit with the fair, the wise, and the sophisticated those cinemas ever present at

the paramounts

where there's paramount's "follow thru"...nancy carroll and buddy rogers taking golf lessons from schwab and mandel as jack haley raises his eyebrows and zelma o'neal her little flat foot

the rialto

where thousands of contented customers give the oh! oh! and the o. o. to groucho, harpo, chico and zeppo as they play with paramount's "animal crackers"

the rivoli—united artists

where ernst lubitsch gives blase new yorkers a delightful idea of what goes on when no one gambles and they don't play cards in "monte carlo" paramount's picture with jack buchanan and jeanette macdonald

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, SEPT. 3

JUST to show you what Life can do, once it gets a start, you should visit Lucile Paray. She was practically unknown a couple of years ago—and now everyone is crying for her tweeds.

You don't need to cry for them, however, because you'll find lots of them in New York. Corinthe, for instance—one of those terribly simple tweed coats, with big fur collars, that only the Best People know how to make—you'll find that at Altman, Bonwit Teller, Kurzman, and Macy. The only bit of fancifulness about the whole thing is the way the front opening is slashed at an angle on one side, toward the hem. You can't tell whether the color is plum or brown, it is so much like both; but the accompanying crêpe de Chine dress, with a narrow velvet scarf pulled through tabs at the neckline, is frankly plum-color.

Another good tweed is the coat Sous Bois—entirely black, with a black astrakhan collar and cuffs. There is a wide tuck at the back which is cut in two at the waist, so that the upper part is folded down in one direction and the lower part in another. The dress that goes with Sous Bois is one of those new plaid jerseys, in dark gray and white, with little crêpe de Chine collars that are red on one side, white on the other, and black at the back. [Sous Bois went home with Macy and Bonwit Teller.]

Lest you get the impression that Paray is only a tweed woman after all, take a look at Tendresse when it arrives at Saks-Fifth Avenue. It is one of the best of its kind (which means the lamé class), for it is of black crêpe with tiny little gold chevrons scattered around like polka dots. Not too gorgeous, if you know what I mean. It has sleeves that hit your arm just a teeny bit below the elbows.

Take a look, too, at Écossais, a very young version of the lamé-dot-on-taffeta sort of thing, with a two-tiered skirt [Altman]; at Trott, of black crêpe de Chine, with cutouts between the tucks around the shoulders [Altman and Kurzman]; and at Incognito, made of black glove silk with an eyelet weave [Kurzman]. If you are very young, try on Les Maronniers, a wool dress that has little puffs at the top of its long, tight sleeves [Bonwit Teller].

THERE is another of those handsome glove-silk dresses at Mirande, called—guess?—Milanaise. It is all black, save for the scarf lining, and an extra little scarf of pale-pink glove silk. The material is worked, as if it were crêpe or marocain, into a chevron-shaped shoulder-yoke, and into a hip-yoke that holds the pleats for fullness [Lord & Taylor].

There's no end to this jersey business. Examine what you think are tweeds and cashmeres and crêpe de Chines, and fully half of them will turn out to be some knitted weave. Mirande's Chasseur, for example, looks like a heavy brown-and-beige mottled tweed, but it turns out to be another jersey. The dress is really a double-breasted bolero jacket—like a chasseur's—and a skirt with pockets on the hips [also at Lord & Taylor].

Mirande uses lots of black—though you're probably tired of hearing about black. She often plans her clothes with an eye to adding a bit of color—or of white, if you like—and designs the dress so that the color may be changed or completely removed. Such a dress is Bonne Chance, of black crêpe de Chine, with an extra little scarf of light blue that ties in two knots—one in front of the left shoulder and one at the back [Saks-Fifth Avenue and Hollander].

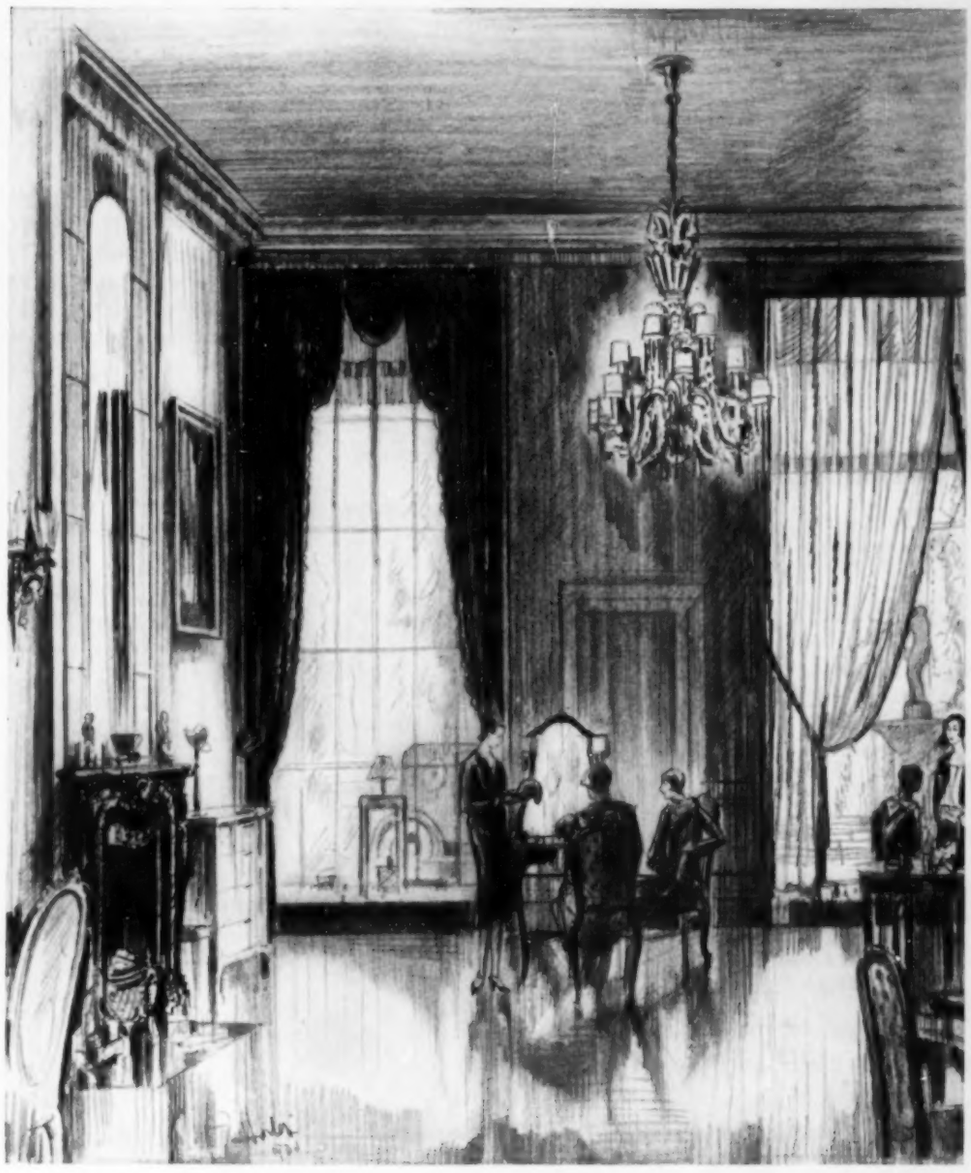
Mirande's coats include some of the best in Paris. Most of them are of the redingote school, with the torso lines slightly fitted, and with big wide

"Hm! I'm not happy about these eyebrows, Mrs. Dufer."

☆

Buy Your Clothes Wisely

BERGDORF GOODMAN.....ON THE PLAZA



This season, no fashion-wise woman will tolerate extravagance. She will plan her clothes-budget and make her clothes-purchases from Bergdorf Goodman's fall collection. For such clothes are a smart economy. Their quality, their workmanship, and their sound style enable women exacting in fashion to wear them happily twice as long as less critically-created things.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

☆

A FAIR SKIN WITH YOUR NEW FURS. IT'S THE FIRST NOTE IN THE AUTUMN

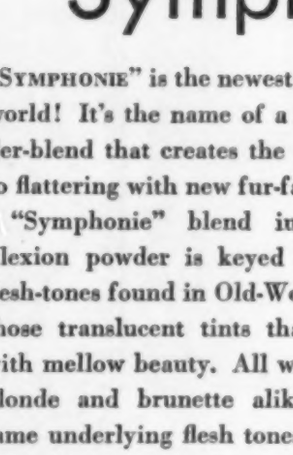
"Symphonie"

"SYMPHONIE" is the newest word in the style world! It's the name of a remarkable powder-blend that creates the creamy skin-tone so flattering with new fur-fashions.

"Symphonie" blend in Armand complexion powder is keyed to the exquisite flesh-tones found in Old-World portraits . . . those translucent tints that seem to glow with mellow beauty. All women in general, blonde and brunette alike, possess these same underlying flesh tones; and "Symphonie" discovers them, emphasizing their pearl-pink quality. Make this test in tint today.

● *"With the new clothes, the new complexion." . . . Stunning red tweed suit collared in white fox, by Saks—Fifth Avenue; complexion by Armand; compliments by everybody!*

Armand "Symphonie" Powder (or your choice of four standard tints), $1 the box.



Ask for

ARMAND

"SYMPHONIE" POWDER

—with entrancing fineness of texture!

© 1930 by The Armand Co., Inc.

revers. I liked best [and Bonwit Teller did too] the one called Adventure, of black broadcloth, with its high collar and shoulder-wide revers of black astrakhan. The fur cuffs reach above the elbows without seeming exaggerated—they are cut fairly narrow up the forearm and then spread out only as they cover the bend of the arm.

YOU have only to see Nicole Groult to know that she has a way with her about clothes. She has the knack of making everyone look young, smart, and original; she was one of the first to get away from tight, binding skirts, and she wore her hats pushed back off her forehead long before anyone else.

This year's collection is typically Groult—color used in unexpected ways, and Empire lines that avoid some of the banality you are finding everywhere. She uses brown a lot. Brown for evening, in a velvet dress with an almost straight skirt covered with ruffles, with a square back décolletage and epaulets over the shoulders [Alexandra, at Altman]; a dark plum-brown for daytime, in a crêpe de Chine dress that has an immense V-shaped bertha, and blue bows at the neck and waistline [Heliotrope, at Hollander]; also a warm chocolate brown for daytime—usually combined with a light color, as in Zouzou, with its jacket of pale green crêpe de Chine edged with Algerian embroidery [Altman].

There isn't a formal coat in all Paris you'll like better than Groult's Mystère, with its double fur collar that can be worn two ways—either hanging loose about your shoulders, or pulled into gathers by a velvet-faille ribbon that runs through its middle. The coat is ankle-length, and will make you look very slender—and handsome.

THERE have been so many descriptions of Maggy Rouff's models of late that it is unnecessary to tell you all I'd like to about the whole collection. It would be impossible anyhow to give you any idea of the complete way this house has covered the subject of color this year, and the way it has found the perfect combinations for brilliant people—bright blues, dark wearable purples, and lots of the new *chaudron*, the color of a copper kettle.

You'll see one of the bright blue dresses in New York. Saphir [Kurzman and Altman], of bright blue

marocain, is an evening dress which has a hem that seems to be even all the way around, but really is slightly jagged, with some of the points just missing the floor. It has two small plastrons at the front of the blouse. Dédale [Lord & Taylor] is another dress that is adroit in its coloring—new dark brown that looks especially well on blondes.

The Paris favorite of the collection (though Bonwit Teller was the only one who took it home) is Coïncidence, an ensemble. Both its dress, of black crêpe de Chine, and its coat, also black, of course, have their edges ornamented with the new type of quilting that is done by making a series of little circles in chain stitching, underneath the fabric. —B. M.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Movals and Removals

HOW many good little boys and girls have remembered to notify the Telephone Company that they are moving next week? How do you expect to get any sort of coöperation, letting things go till the last minute like that? How many have guessed that this is just my coy way of leading up to a little general talk about telephones?

It appears that certain special services are now being offered by our own New York Telephone Company, all to be had for the asking provided your case really merits attention. Several of them were new and startling to me. Without further introduction, here they are:

If you are moving into a new apartment and having a lot of revamping done anyway, it would be very sensible of you to state, when arranging for your new phone, that you want the bell box built into the wall. You have to have the actual excavating done yourself, but the Company will give you the necessary measurements and instructions, thus covering the worst part of the job anyway. An engineer is sent out to consult with you about such problems—a gentleman who will protect you against yourself, in case you turn out to be an average customer. Average customers, it appears, are usually carried away by the idea of concealed bell boxes, forgetting in their zeal that you have to be able to hear the bell. The opening in the wall, by the

THE NEWEST KNITTED HAT

IS A "NINICHE"!

• A flat little shell of a hat that perches far back on a bandeau. The tiny brim can be worn back, as shown here. Or forward, just shadowing the hairline.

• It's very new . . quite extreme . . requires the touch of an experienced milliner . .

• One of a collection of the new knitted hats . . to be draped to the head in the original hand-made French bodies . . 35.00. Other models 30.00.

Jay-Thorpe

FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET. WEST

Mrs Franklin inc.

The new Cocktail Dress, an outstanding feature of the coming mode, is excessively becoming in this black velvet model with buttons of colored velvet to match one's jewels.

NEW YORK - 16 East 53rd St. ● PHILADELPHIA - 260 South 17th St.
CHICAGO - 132 East Delaware Place ● PALM BEACH

way, is usually covered with a grille of some sort. My own bright suggestion would be to carry your wallpaper right down over the hole. This would be very nice, of course, for even-tempered households, with no members given to going around kicking things in bad moments.

There is an amplifier arrangement for people who have difficulty hearing over the phone. Facetious readers please note that the Company has no time for playfulness about trucks that pass in the early morning, or the neighbors' radios. If that is your sort of problem, you can close your windows when you telephone; don't bother an already harassed organization with humor. For the deaf, this amplifier is said to work like a charm. It is attachable on the standard desk telephone—the one you use both hands for—and can be modified at will when someone with normal hearing uses it. A trial installation is made first, in every case.

If you are building, the Company will arrange for a consultation with its engineers, to settle the business of wire and apparatus installation. Your architect would know about this, anyway, but you will want to consider a few ideas of your own, such as jacks in the guestrooms, into which a portable phone can be plugged when needed. Well—you want to be a perfect hostess, don't you?

For novelists, artists, poets, and like crotchety folk who must have quiet in the studio while creation goes on, there is a small lamp device to replace the bell, a soft glowing of the light indicating the incoming call. You can even have your choice of colors—the light will show red, green, or plain white, as you like. Second smart idea by the author: a combination of the lamp with an amplifier phone would just about settle Life's problems for a lot of deaf people. Maybe the Telephone Company has thought of this.

I AM told that plutocrats living in East Side penthouse duplexes are going in for a new private-branch-exchange gadget by which all manner of wonders can be performed. They say a child can operate it. Among other things, it makes room-to-room calls possible, handles outside calls, and receives incoming calls at a convenient control, from which they may be dialled to any other part of the place. You can even limit the phones in the servants' quarters to incoming calls, which is something of a dirty trick but obviously has its points. This system, of course, is

the best possible arrangement for the large country place, with garage, stables, and greenery to be thought of. It is all a little bit overwhelming on the whole; too much contemplation of the details leaves you with a horrible machine-age sensation. I am therefore thankful to turn you over at this point to any Telephone Company business office, where you can find out about those technical points I have been so carefully avoiding.

FURTHER recommendations to movers, returners from the country, or just plain citizens imbued with the spirit of fall:

Renofab, 47 West Sixty-third Street, for cleaning your upholstered furniture without tearing it apart. The fabric is left on the frame while being cleaned, thus saving time and all sorts of things. Telephone Susquehanna 6580.

Joseph A. McAnerney, 872 Lexington Avenue, for opening the town house; cleaning up loose ends at the country seat before locking the door for the winter; general housecleaning and refurbishing for stay-at-homes who have been giving the décor something of a rough time during the summer. Telephone Rhinelander 5767 for consultations.

Macy's linoleum department, for a wide assortment of inlaid patterns, together with a service which includes the laying of plain floors from their stock, or the designing of special floors for almost any purpose, including bathrooms and nurseries.

The Metro Van Company, 268 Eighth Avenue, for being generally careful, prompt, and pleasant about the storage of furniture. Also the packing and moving of furniture—a note thrown in just in case.

The Screen Shop, 640 Lexington Avenue, for custom-built screens. Included in this list because they tell me there are hordes of selfsupporting young women rushing madly about in search of screens tall enough to hide kitchenettes in one-room apartments. The trouble is that most of these kitchenettes, although equipped with a rod to hang a concealing curtain from, look simply terrible when done in that way. Also, the average screen is not tall enough, and the neighborhood carpenter's ideas about screen-building are usually pretty sketchy. The Screen Shop's people know how to do this work, and you can rely on their taste if you are too busy to run around picking up samples and matching colors. They would never be guilty of such

H. JAECKEL & SONS
FIFTH AVENUE at 45th STREET
JAECKEL CLOTH COATS
Next to a fur coat by Jaeckel the woman of fashion prizes a cloth coat with Jaeckel furs. Our new collection including all the new Paris models is now ready.
Jaeckel furs are obtainable in Chicago at the Stanley Korshak Blackstone Shop exclusively

errors as using an Early American paper on a screen for a Directoire room, or coating a frame with silver leaf if you happen to be taking up antique brass this season.

Mrs. George Herzog, 780 Madison Avenue, for exclusive, expensive closets, well planned and beautifully decorated. . . . Philip Hall, 38 East Forty-ninth Street, for gentlemen's closet furnishings: chests of drawers and slides, shoe racks, valet stands, etc., all in plain wood stains—gleaming chromium rods and hoods and gadgets. . . . Hammacher-Schlemmer, 145 East Fifty-seventh Street, for closets.

LET me disentangle this for you. If you want to cast your closet responsibility entirely on some one person's shoulders, Mrs. Herzog's taste is excellent. If you want an unmistakably masculine closet fitted with ready-made units which can always be moved about afterward, see Mr. Hall. If you want good, practical closets and have strong feelings about how you want them decorated, try Hammacher-Schlemmer.

Ask for Mr. Peters at this last shop. He takes care of orders, estimates, drawings, and suggestions. The suggestions are of a sound nature; the drawings are clear and designed for the lay mind; the estimates (which are never beyond reason) include details like linoleum covering for the closet's floor, washable paper for the walls—any number of small points you would probably never think of yourself.

Finally, Hammacher-Schlemmer—again—for every imaginable kind of curtain rod and window fixture; for the making and hanging of curtains—the building and installing of valance boards and wall panels; in short, for those odd jobs attendant upon any fall removal, even if it is only across the hall. Their service, I need hardly add, is reliable.

I hope you have a lovely time.

—B. B.

•

THE PATCHWORK HEART

This heart of mine that seems so hale
  Is little and alone;
It feeds on berries, bitter-bright,
  And water wrung from stone.

Its coat is made of patches gay;
  I beg them everywhere
From hearts too prosperous with love
  To miss the bits I wear.

—RACHEL FIELD

Is your home a Spring-board ?

"Thousands of people," writes a well known magazine editor, "have been using the home as a spring-board from which to dive off elsewhere. On coming home, instead of asking 'what shall we do?' they've been demanding 'where shall we go?' The country club, the road house and the movies have reaped their profits."

But now—people are staying at home! It is fashionable to dine and entertain at home! Never has there been so much buying of home games, dining room furniture, silver, crystal, china, and lovely linens! Of course, it's fashionable to prefer "Old Bleach" pure Irish Linens. They are among the things one wants most because their selection depends upon the quality of taste and intelligence. Ask your store to show you the new styles, new weaves, and new designs, or write to us.

MODERN COLOURS in "Old Bleach" linens are absolutely proof against sunlight and launder perfectly.

BOOKLET describing new table settings, new designs and colour ensembles sent upon receipt of ten cents postage.

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THE "OLD BLEACH" LINEN CO., LTD.
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CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

Ravel—Piano Concerto—Short Subjects en Masse

OVER the summer there has been a slight slackening in the flood of album sets, but there have been many exceptional items recorded on one or two discs. Ravel, whose "Bolero" has made him a good commercial "name," again is well represented. Even if you happen to be a shade weary of the "Bolero," you will find pleasure in Victor's recording of the Rapsodie Espagnole by the Grand Orchestre Symphonique, led by Piero Coppola. If you know any young composers who are writing Spanish music, persuade them to hear this Rapsodie; it may discourage the production of more impressions of Barcelona by one who never has been there.

Columbia contributes to Raveliana an orchestral performance of the "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte," which already is available in its piano dress, played by Myra Hess. The new Pavane is recorded by the Colonne Orchestra, conducted by Gabriel Pierné—a gravely gracious disc that you will enjoy long after you've thrown some of your "Bolero" records at the janitor.

IN the early days of electrical recordings, Victor issued Tschaikowsky's B-flat-minor piano concerto with Hambourg as soloist. It was a notable accomplishment, but, like many another production of the middle twenties, it lacked the refinements which mark such albums as Victor's recent engraving of the Brahms B-flat concerto by Rubinstein and Coates.

Columbia now offers the Tschaikowsky piece in an uncommonly clear reproduction. The performance, by Solomon Cuttner with the Hallé Orchestra, led by Sir Hamilton Harty, is as distinguished as the recording. Mr. Cuttner, who usually appears merely as "Solomon" (a designation which survives his boy-prodigy period), resists the temptation to flog the concerto into insensibility, and Sir Hamilton treats the effective orchestral part as he would manage a symphony. The result is a suave, poetic, and yet thoroughly masculine performance—a better performance, I fancy, than you will hear about town this season.

IT seems that Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra have been pretty busy at the Victor studios. Their new records, I am glad to report, are free of the room noises that marred many of their previous operations. I might add that this objection to room noises hasn't the unqualified approval of some record-collectors; there are those who hold that an echo lends a certain realism to a disc. So do wrong notes!

Of the new Stokowski records, I commend to you most particularly the glowing "Tannhäuser" Overture and Venusberg Music—a superlative achievement—and the stunning Salome's Dance. There is an older version of Salome's Dance, by the same band, which seems positively ascetic now. The slower tempo of the electrical transcription brings out the morbidity of the work; I'm not sure that this record is decent, but you may consult your own conscience.

RAVEL, as hitherto noted, is consuming a good many waxes—but Moussorgsky is not far behind him. This leads one to wonder when Moussorgsky's "Tableaux d'Exposition," scored by Ravel, will be recorded. Meanwhile "A Night on the Bare Mountain" has been done by Philippe Gaubert and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra for Columbia—a sound job, if not the most dramatic one ever attempted. It occupies three sides, and the fourth goes, somewhat unaccountably, to the Adagietto from the "L'Arlésienne" suite, convincingly expounded by Dr. Mengelberg and the Concertgebouwers. Perhaps you have heard Albert Coates' double disc from "Le Coq d'Or"—a London Symphony recording which is one of the best that Victor has to offer.

LEAPING around among an assortment of recent discs, various degrees of honor are awarded to: Vladimir Horowitz', bewildering capture of the Paganini Étude in E-flat, coupled with his own faintly jazzed Danse Exotique (Victor); the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, conducted by Elie Cohen, apparently one of the most expert of disc-makers (Columbia); and two light bits, the Serenade from "The Student Prince," and "L'Amour, Toujours L'Amour," sung by Richard Crooks for Victor in a manner that ought to settle these two lyrics once and for all. —R. A. S.

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SEEING EUROPE WITH MR. BOLDONI

IF you haven't anything in particular on your mind, I'd like to take you for a little trip. We're going to make it under the direction of Mr. Boldoni, Secretary Interpreter of the Royal Court of Cassation and Professor at the Athénée of Paris. Or, more precisely, under the guidance of a little book Mr. Boldoni published in Paris, back in 1819, called "Traveller's Pocket Companion, Consisting of Copious and Familiar Conversations." Our travelling companions will be "three Englishmen, a Frenchman with his Wife and Child, two Spaniards, and a German baron." Better dress, but not obligatory.

To begin with, we call on the captain of the boat, who assures us that we will have no storm and who cautions us to take some provisions. He claims there is a proverb to this effect: "No one should go to sea without biscuits."

Mr. Boldoni assents cheerily and then he adds: "Well, we are going to take a dish of tea before we go on board."

"That is right," says someone else—the German baron, I presume. "One should not go on board without taking something."

No sooner said than done.

"Waiter," says Mr. Boldoni in French, in Italian, and in English, "bring teacups, some bread, butter, milk, sugar, and small spoons." Plainly he knows how to order things.

A short time elapses, and then the waiter brings everything, along with some tea, napkins, and forks.

"There, Sir; *Voilà, Monsieur; Ecco, Signore,*" he says.

It doesn't take very long for Mr. Boldoni to discover that he hasn't had enough to eat. "We should do well," he says, "to eat a couple of fresh eggs, each of us."

"Gentlemen," says the waiter in due time, "here are the fresh eggs."

But no one can fool Mr. Boldoni. "Do you call these fresh eggs?" he shouts with honest indignation. "They are addled. They stink shockingly. They have a taste of sulphur. Quick, carry them off. Quick, quick, let us take a dish of tea to take off the nasty taste. But here is the sailor come to inform us it is time to go."

AFTER that experience we can stand the trials of a boat trip. That captain, by the way, was a liar. There is *so* a storm. There is "a gale of wind." The Frenchman's wife says that the "waves are very stormy. I have got a headache. My head is very bad. The smell of tar affects me."

"Smell some Eau de Cologne," says Mr. Boldoni.

The lady, however, seems to have a perverse nature.

"I am inclined to vomit," she says.

The resourceful Mr. Boldoni offers her "a drop of Hollands," and nine pages later we are all happy again. We are in a fine, modern, smokeless city: "The chimney does not smoke at all. The mattresses in this lodging place have just been carded; the bedsheets are changed twice a month, that is to say, every fortnight." So everyone is feeling fine—and eating again. How these people like to eat!

All but the baron.

"Baron," says Mr. Boldoni, "you do not take any soup, as you commonly do. Eat some fish, and help yourself as you like."

"I think," says the baron with a disabused smile, "I think soup hurts the stomach, and for this reason I never eat it."

So they bring on the fish, this being "Friday and a meager day." Immediately an identification contest begins. The English beat everyone at this game. They are a seafaring, fish-eating, clear-thinking race.

"This is pike; this a tench; this is a carp; it is a perch; it is an eel."

You probably want to know if they are just guessing or if they are enumerating. Well, they aren't guessing. No one, not even the French child (who is strangely quiet), no one ever confused a carp and an eel. But then has somebody dumped all the fish in an aquarium on this table? Apparently, for on the next page, those reliable Englishmen resume their precise tabulation: "It is salmon; it is skate; it is mackerel; they are whitings; they are mullets."

One of the boys asks for fish liver, Madeira, and a piece of cheese. Then Mr. Boldoni adds coaxingly: "Eat some dessert; choose what you like; there are strawberries, cherries, apples, pears, plums, walnuts, figs, peaches, nuts, filberts, roast and boiled chestnuts, sweetmeats, sugar plums, and pastry of different sorts."

TO digest this charming repast we are ready to take a ride with Mr. Boldoni and the baron.

"You know," says Mr. Boldoni, as

we get to Page 198, "I wish I had never thought; then I should certainly be happy. The ignorant are always gay, but who would like to be ignorant?"

But soon we get out into the country. The ichthyological specimens are somewhat settled in Mr. Boldoni's stomach, and the landscape provokes a quiet bucolic enthusiasm in him. "The weather," says he, "could not possibly be more favorable. The rain has refreshed the air. Though it is July, it is like spring. Look, Sir, at the verdure of those fields, those little hills enamelled with flowers; the little brook which falls from that rock; the lambs that are fighting below in the meadow; the little shepherd without shoes or stockings, leaning on his stick, who is looking at them, with his hat pulled over his eyes, to shade them from the rays of the setting sun. How I like the rustic voice of that good old man who is trying to make his oxen go quicker! What delightful simplicity appears in his countenance! Look at that young girl there, near the hedge! What a sweet look she has!"

"Sir," says the baron, characteristically, "you allow your imagination to run away with you. Don't you feel the shock of this terrible carriage? The seat is harder than a stone. For my part, I am quite shattered. All my limbs are sore; and I have more need of a good bed than all those fine objects."

Maybe we had better all go to bed. It is a little hard to leave those little hills enamelled with flowers and the lambs that are fighting below in the meadow. It is hard to leave Mr. Boldoni and the baron. But the best of friends must part some time.

—Herman Schnurer

•

COMPENSATION

We did our best, and know it wasn't bad;
The critics did not utterly condemn,
But safely praised the ancients, just to add
How much we were inferior to them.

Some ages hence, from where the stars are hung
We'll stoop to hear the connoisseurs discuss
Our matchless art and tell the eager young
How far they are inferior to us.

—Arthur Guiterman

THE PRESS ANNOUNCEMENT

NOW look, I sent for you to handle my publicity because you one of the best fellas along those lines in the game, see? I din argue about the salary when I spoke to you over the phone this morning 'cause I know all abouchoo and watcher worth, so it's O. K.

Now here's the cast and I want you should look over the names. Waddeya think of them players, ha? . . . Estelle Pierce? Why, she had one of the most important parts in "The Pearl of Great Price.". . . Sure, she was really the star in that play. . . . I know it's an old play but what's that got to do with she having the most important part? . . . I know I ain't got a lot of big names in the cast. They all first-class actors, see?—only outside a Miss Pierce they ain't so well known on Broadway. Wait until after the play opens on Broadway, then they all gonna be big shots. You take my word for it because I know. Even if my name ain't so well known on Broadway I know this racket. And the way these parts are written, even with the worst cast in the world the players are bound to make a big hit. Say, it's in the cards. . . .

I know you ain't got so much to work with but you got a play to work with. You got a title that's a hunard-per-cent box office and that all them newspaper fellas will play up big on account of what it means. Now don't say nothing yet about the title. Just send out the names of the players and my name along with it on account I'm the producer, but save the title for later. . . .

HA? Well, cancher say that Miss Pierce and the rest of the cast is gonna be in a play I'm producing which goes in rehearsal in a coupla days as soon as I find a director? . . . You gotta give the names? . . . Well, O. K. I never argue with people who are supposed to be in charge of their department. If you think for the publicity I should announce the name of the play, then announce it. You'll find when you working with me a little bit longer that I never argue about things that ain't right up in my alley. The only thing, I thought maybe we get a big smear in the papers on account the title alone.

Now get this for a title. Get this name and lemme know if you don't think them newspaper fellas won't play it up big. The name of the play is—

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now get this—"Strangled." How's that for a knockout title? Say, there's a wallop in that title that's nobody's business. Say, I ain't a-scared who opens against me because I know that with the title "Strangled" the critics will want to see what it's all about. Right away there's interest in it.

I DON'T want to say nothing about the play to you because I want you to see the play in rehearsal from beginning to end to get the idear yesself. Only in the end, when they think they got the man who did the strangling and the innocent party is on the witness stand, in comes the innocent party's friend with the killer—right after the jury pronounced the innocent party guilty. How's that for a punch ending? Here's the audience hearing the innocent party pronounced guilty and knowing that the fella will get maybe the electric chair, and just when they thinking they should put on their hats because the play is over, in comes the friend with the killer. Say, those people gotta sit in their chairs and take notice. Say, there's a smash in that last curtain that will sell the play to the movies even if them love scenes won't. I got love scenes in that play—well, if you think anything you seen on the stage along the lines of love scenes is hot, just wait for this play. That's all I'm asting—just wait for this play.

I got a good house booked for the show—it may be the New Amsterdam Theatre—waddeya think of that for a house?—but I'll letcher know later. I got that house in mind and I'm gonna see Gus Pitou and if we can come to terms I'm gonna get that place. Y'know what I can play to with the capacity that theatre got? I can play to over thirty thousand bucks a week. Thirty thousand bucks a week, and with the way I got this show hooked up—well, if you fellas think I'm a newcomer in this here racket you got another thought coming, that's all.

There's only one thing you gotta promise me. You gotta promise me not to let out that the innocent party's friend brings in the killer at the last second of the play. Because that's the smash end and I'm saving that to supprise the town. Now go ahead and plaster the town with the name "Strangled." —ARTHUR KOBER

•

As a youth he served as troop sergeant with the South African Mounted lice.—*The Sun.*

Hm-m, a lousy sergeant!

WHAT NUMEROLOGY HAS DONE FOR 'EM

THERE are *some* things that we women find it hard to talk about, and usually I just smile when any of the girls rave to me about the "dream home" in which Herman and I live. But my intimate friends know the truth—that it is not mere "luck," but the science of numerology, to which I owe all my happiness.

When I first went on the stage I was filled with a lot of romantic notions, and I used to tell the other girls that I'd never marry until I met "my ideal." He must be young and taller than me and have curly hair, and I used to say that he mustn't be one of those old buzzards that think of nothing but their business. (I have to laugh now when I think about how romantic I was!)

Well, I really *did* meet my ideal before I was twenty. Jimmie Rand was certainly good-looking. He sold radios in Brooklyn, and he was so good-looking that he got a lot of orders easily. I was really thrilled to give up the chorus and go to live with him in a little house in Flatbush. The girls gave me a shower, so I set up housekeeping with a lot of pots and pans that were absolute *Greek* to me!

Jimmie was certainly nice and sweet, but he seemed to get tired of selling radios. He got to playing around a poolroom and I got to taking an awful lot of aspirin tablets. We were behind with the rent, and I began to hate cooking somehow, and first thing you know Jimmie and I were *fighting!* Something seemed to be wrong with our life. The question was: what?

I FOUND out one day when I read a magazine article called "Have You Tried to Live Without Numerology?" I read the article through, and then I analyzed my name and Jimmie's according to directions, and found that I had married the wrong man! His Ideality number was 2, which meant "labor in a small way, meeting with ordinary persons." That was a pretty terrible shock, I can tell you. My Ideality number was 7, which meant "the dreamer, the poet, Christ's number, lonely, oftentimes misunderstood." That put some reverence into me, you may be sure. I could see right away that anyone as sensitive and religious as me could never be happy with a man that sold radios, and didn't even sell very many of them.

Well, I cried for nearly an hour,

then I got busy and packed a bag and went back to Broadway. I left Jimmie a note in which I said I had no hard feelings, that I forgave all, but that there was no use going on. Even our "birthpaths" had analyzed to be uncongenial.

I got a job in the chorus again, and went to live in an apartment with another girl, named Sue La Fleur. I told Sue about numerology, and she thought I'd never get anywhere on the stage with a name that meant so much spirituality, so I changed my name to Gloria Grayson. That gave me an Ideality number of 9, which is the highest form of expression, meaning "strong dramatic instinct, thinks in a big way, understands all classes of people." After that I got along simply fine, and within a year I got my divorce from Jimmie, got a rôle with two lines to speak in a new show, and had an offer to star in a talkie in the summer.

I DIDN'T make any talkies, however, as life had bigger things in store for me. I met Herman X. Muldoon, and Herman fell in love with me. He was a very rich man who thought a great deal of his business, but it was awfully nice really because his business was raising flowers in a big way. Herman sent me just tons of orchids, and they certainly were pretty. Well, the first thing I did was to analyze Herman's name by numerology, putting down "Xavier" for the middle name because "X" always *does* stand for "Xavier." Imagine my feelings when it turned out his Ideality number was 4, which is the worker number and means "much detail work and small rewards for efforts"! I decided I might just as well give Herman up, because, while he was getting along fine now, he would probably fail in business before long and there was no use in my marrying another man who would be uncongenial like poor Jimmie.

Before I gave Herman up, though, I thought I owed it to him to tell him the truth, even if it was painful. He listened to me very thoughtfully and reverently, and when I was finished said he always believed in the old saying "You go to your church and I'll go to mine." But before I gave him up, he said he believed I ought to know that the "X" in his name *didn't* stand for "Xavier." Hope began to dawn in my bosom, and I asked him what the "X" *did* stand for, quickly getting a paper and pencil to work out the new analysis. He said as a matter of fact the "X" didn't stand for anything; that he had just put it in for looks, because he believed a big businessman ought to have a middle initial. At first I didn't know what to do, but finally I put down "Herman X. Muldoon" and found that that gave him an Ideality number of 8, which is the financial-success number, meaning "great rewards for great industry and ability." And, as every numerologist knows, Number 8 and Number 9 are the two numbers that marry best of all!

So Herman and I got married, and here I am living in Park Avenue and I am very, very happy. I feel I owe everything to numerology, and I hope that my story may make *you* think seriously of this new and wonderful science. —MARION STURGES-JONES

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

TO THE EDITOR:
New York and Westchester society girls, members of the "Life as a Fine Art Club," will . . .
LIFE AS A FINE ART CLUB
Hotel Commodore.

DEAR SIR:
I submit for your acceptance, to be published, signed or unsigned, in whole or in part, some observations made along the Hudson River in the Twenty-third Street section. This section is teeming with life, and consequently . . .
M. E. K.

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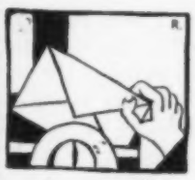
LONDON LETTER

LONDON, SEPT. 3



ENGLAND is a great country for privacy. Your first impression, as a toy engine pulls your boat train with deceptive smoothness on its mile-a-minute journey to town, is of a country all divided by hedges and trees. Till recently you could spend a lifetime in it, observant of social changes and old buildings and tough mutton, without ever seeing the best it has to offer. Even now surprisingly few people know of the scheme in aid of The Queen's Institute of District Nursing, whereby some of the great old houses swing open their iron gates to the common herd on certain days each year. You pay your shilling and you're enabled to get on the other side of those clipped hedges and those high walls and see the inner life of England that has been going on all the time, quite hidden. You can get the list of houses from the Institute.

I went over Hurstmonceaux that way. Hurstmonceaux, which, like Kenilworth, was one of the first castles to be built of brick, fills an Englishman with patriotic emotion. Those flowers banked against old walls! And those lawns! We were shown round by the butler, smoking what looked like one of his master's Turkish cigarettes. "We 'ad this wing added in the time of 'Enery the Eighth." I was especially impressed by the statue of Apollo, or David, or somebody, strewing rose leaves. Every morning the gardeners arrange fresh rose leaves.

IN all these dog days since the general strike, one has grown to miss what was once a typical London scene—newsboys rushing through the rain with the cry of "'Orrible murder!" It seemed to have gone the way of hansom cabs and all flesh. Recently, however, the newsboys had a chance again. Within forty-eight hours a new princess was born at Glamis, the English cricket team was beaten by an innings and thirty-nine runs in the final Test Match, and a Member of Parliament's yacht was wrecked on the Cornish coast. Quite like old times. It's extraordinary how those three events gathered the whole English nation into one happy family.

The Test Match was the greatest preoccupation. All day long for four days the ordinary business of life was at a standstill, and distinction of class went by the board. Taxi-drivers would stop unexpectedly, shout for the latest score, and pass the information through the window. Commissionaires, waiters, small boys in the street, discovered their tongues, and would waylay one in and around clubs, where the ticker machines had the most recent report a few minutes in advance of the press. The posters said "HE'S OUT!," and everybody knew it was Bradman. The wise ones had discovered you could watch the match for a few seconds by passing the Oval on the top of a tram, and it was remarkable how many journeys from one part of London to another managed to take people past that portentous spot. Meanwhile the unemployed figures were soaring over two million.

IT was nice, too, to read about the feudal goings-on at Glamis. The loyal tenantry built a mighty beacon to shine over six Scottish counties and tell mariners out at sea the great and glorious tidings. Feudalism has a hard time of it these days, however. Shortly after the princess was born, New Yorkers were reading about it in their papers. It's no good lighting beacons in the rain, so it wasn't till the following night that the thing shone over six Scottish counties. And the mariners, of course, had all heard the news over the radio almost twenty-four hours before.

Incidentally, it was interesting to notice the tact with which the newspapers concealed their disappointment that the baby was not a boy. If the child had been a son, he would one day have become King of England. As it is, unless the Prince of Wales changes his mind, it looks as though we shall have another Queen Elizabeth.

THE return of a landmark dear to the hearts of Londoners is promised—the statue of Eros which used to

stand in Piccadilly Circus. It's some years now since the authorities took him away while they experimented with new traffic islands and detours. He languished at first in a backyard on the other side of the Thames. Then there was an outcry; the Londoners are an affectionate race. He was set up temporarily in the Embankment Gardens, where the "wrestlers" from Herculaneum are also set up, facing each other the wrong way.

There's no particular merit in Gilbert's statue; and now that the Criterion Lounge is more respectable than it was, and even Leicester Square has reformed, a statue of Eros seems a bit pointless. After all, why should the God of Love shoot his barbed arrows at Boots the Chemists or the Westminster Bank? It's just that Piccadilly Circus, without its fountain and its Eros, and its shawled flower girls clustered round the base, hasn't been the same.

THE traffic problem, which is always with us, has been complicated this year by the sudden and enormous increase in the number of long-distance motor coaches. The railways were built at a time when a train was considered scarcely respectable, so the stations were banished to a decent distance; the lines slink through back areas with a kind of furtiveness even now. It is far simpler and pleasanter to hail a bus a few minutes' walk from one's house and journey by road. During August Bank Holiday, five million people travelled this way.

These leviathans are a new and unpleasant feature of the landscape, charging along irresistibly at fifty miles an hour. You can reach certain country places almost as quickly as by train, and the fare is rather less than half as much. They take you from the heart of London itself, but they are making a nuisance of themselves, picking up passengers in congested spots. Now there is to be an immense motor-coach station in Oxford Circus, with platforms, booking offices, waiting-rooms, and all the rest of it. I fear this will hardly prove to be the solution of our traffic problem. —A. G.

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Test after test was taken. Finally Claudia Doll's film "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" was shown and Al and Jack Warner and Darryl Zanuck all in one breath said "viola!" That's French for there it is.—*Boston Evening American.*

What's French for "Oh, yeah!"?

STORIES OF TODAY

MYTHICAL

When Helen Wills
Was recently questioned
About the Wimbledon cup,
She frankly replied:
"I do not know
If there is a cup.
I've won it four times,
But have never seen it . . .

"It may exist."

CASUALTY

A retired manufacturer
Of Greenwich, Connecticut,
Was recently committed
To an insane asylum.

He was formerly president
Of the National Cross Word
Puzzle Association.

PATHETIC PLEA

Sheriff Pannett
Of Richmond, Virginia,
Reported that the jails
Were absolutely full,
Owing to prohibition,

And begged the citizens
Kindly to refrain
From breaking the laws
Till the expiration
Of the terms of some
Of the present prisoners.

SACRILEGE

The Order of Dominicans,
Situate in Paris,
Is suing a phonograph firm
For heavy damages,
And demanding the destruction
Of all the records
Made by its choirs.

The phonograph company
Put sacred songs of the Order
On one side of the records,
And the latest jazz hits
On the other.

OR INNOCENCE, OR IRONY

The Telephone Users' Association
Has been organized
In the City of London.

Its purpose is to eliminate
All "wrong numbers"
And get service
"As good as that
In the United States."

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

What! 64 years to make a spoonful of ice cream?

Sounds absurd—of course! But it's true with BREYERS! Every spoonful represents *64 years' experience* in blending and freezing *real* cream, *real* sugar and a *real* natural flavoring. One taste of Breyers will show you what an amazing difference this makes in flavor and *natural* smoothness. Serve Breyers regularly in your home—and order it in Fancy Forms for your parties. Write for a copy of "Breyers..Sculptors in Ice Cream."

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RECENT BOOKS

The Feminine Quest — Stage Life — Wales — Leonard Merrick

THIS week this department is thoughtfully planned for the guidance of those who haven't much time for reading but who like to curl up for the evening with a good novel, if forced to it. Among the new books, first recommendation goes to "A Note in Music," by Rosamond Lehmann. Miss Lehmann, you may remember, was the author of "Dusty Answer." And does that make you sit up and take notice?

However, "A Note in Music" is a good book on its own account. Miss Lehmann again concerns herself with the feminine quest for happiness, which is something quite different from the equivalent masculine aim. Miss Lehmann introduces you to Grace Fairfax, who is hopelessly married and so sunk in contempt for herself that she is beyond even powdering her nose. No small contentment, no minor joys are able to light the bleakness of Grace's life. What Grace wants is either a "piercing pain" or a "blinding sin;" but she is too inoffensive to hurt, too stodgy for sin.

Her friend, Norah, is a less desperate case of feminine misery. Norah has children and Norah is able to forget her unsatisfactory husband by painting kitchen chairs. Norah, in short, is just two jumps ahead of starting a tea shoppe.

These two women, with the blind instinct of their kind, thrust themselves into the life of a romantic and happy young man. Through him they achieve an emotional holiday; and through him they feel a modulation of the "piercing pain" and the "blinding sin." The shabby Fairfaxes withdraw from each other and from their tasteless domestic life, only to come together once more, not as a happy couple, but as a wiser one.

MISS LEHMANN has an uncanny eye for the shadings of emotion that are, as it were, all on a small color scale; her style is dry and cold and it has the great merit of being unimitative. In her writing, sharp and cruel observation takes the place of wit, and her utter detachment gives a certain beauty to the flatness of her subject. Incidentally, if you are puzzled by the title of the book, it is explained by the quotation from Walter Savage Landor: "But the present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come."

"JENNY HEYSTEN'S CAREER," by Jo Van Ammers-Küller, is another novel of definite individuality. Miss Van Ammers-Küller writes of the encroachments of modern life in Holland, where the current waywardness is leaking through the dike of respectability. She specializes in stage stories which, by their very remoteness from the brighter amusement centres, are truer to the theatre than the more glib and glittering tales of Broadway and Piccadilly.

This new novel is the story of an actress and its theme is the old one, that an actress who simulates love sometimes keeps right on acting when the curtain comes down. All this is well and good when the man, too, understands his rôle and maintains the affair in its proper make-believe atmosphere.

Miss Van Ammers-Küller writes brightly and shrewdly about the theatre; for instance, she makes the wise observation that there is no malice on the stage; there are only friendly and unfriendly people and the friendships are eternally in a state of revision. All through her book, even in the gaiety of her backstage atmosphere, you feel the moist Dutch atmosphere and you sense the fact that Jenny and her friends are merely little eddies of excitement in a calm stream.

HILDA VAUGHAN'S novel, "Her Father's House," ranges from Thomas Hardy to "East Lynne," with touches of "Esther Waters." It has, in spite of its reminiscent quality, a plot—one of those driving and inescapable plots that push you on to the very last page. Miss Vaughan would bring to you a picture of the country folk of Wales and she does it rather well, without annoying you to distraction by an overinsistence on dialect.

Her heroine is one of those country-side-novel girls who long for the open fields. Nell Tretower is the daughter of a country mother and an aristocratic but roistering father. She has been taught to hate the Tretowers because of their obnoxious moral habits and so, by the strict scruples of her mother's family, she is driven to London and domestic servitude, even though the old Tretower pride flashes from her eyes.

Miss Vaughan's Nell has enough reality to make her credible and, occasionally, enough substance to make her genuine. But in following the pattern of the great Victorian country writers so sedulously, Miss Vaughan has borrowed a few of their worst faults; she barely misses melodrama and her characters have a disconcerting way of turning hard and artificial right before your eyes, just as you have decided to believe in them.

THOSE who have been pining and sighing for Leonard Merrick may now rush right out and buy his collection of short stories, "The Little Dog Laughed." There are a great many of them in the volume and they include little tales of French theatrical life (which are the best) and more conventional English stories which go in for what is known as the O. Henry ending. By an unhappy arrangement, the first story in the book is really the best. It really should have been a novel. Don't try to read the entire book at once, if you want to escape just a slight attack of boredom.

"SAILORS DON'T CARE," by Edwin M. Lanham, isn't a novel. It is one of those tramp-steamer sagas and, instead of dealing with the more briny adventures, it gives pictures of shore encounters in the Orient which are just what you might expect.

AND now, finally and at last, I will mention something that has been burning me up all week. The new edition of "Maurice Guest," by Henry Handel Richardson, is available. If you weren't among the small group that discovered the novel when it was first published, here is your chance to make amends. For this, in a time of fleeting fiction, is a book that will remain permanently in literature.

—A. W. S.

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Through an error it was stated last evening that Mrs. Clarence Malloy, of Saratoga Avenue, was discharged from the Benedict Memorial hospital with an infant. Mrs. Malloy underwent an operation at the hospital recently for acute appendicitis and did not give birth to a child. Mr. and Mrs. Malloy were receiving the congratulations of their friends today but they took the error good naturedly.—*The Saratogian.*

Maybe it'll teach them a lesson.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

A Note in Music, by Rosamond Lehmann (*Holt*). Another excellent novel of muffled feminine emotions by the author of "Dusty Answer."

Maurice Guest, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). A new edition of one of the few great modern novels.

Jenny Heysten's Career, by Jo Van Ammers-Küller (*Dutton*). Shrewd and bright story of theatrical life in Holland.

Her Father's House, by Hilda Vaughan (*Harper*). Satisfactory novel in the countryside pattern. This time the scene is Wales.

The Little Dog Laughed, by Leonard Merrick (*Dutton*). New collection of short stories for those who dote on Merrick.

The Edwardians, by V. Sackville-West (*Doubleday, Doran*). Witty and exquisitely written satire of the "fast set" of King Edward VII's reign.

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley (*Harper*). Life in a London office, presented in the Dickens manner.

The Gentleman from America, by Polan Banks (*Cape & Smith*). A grandson of Ben Franklin, by the left hand, goes in for French romance. Pretty costume piece.

The Family, by François Mauriac, translated by Lewis Galantière (*Covici-Friede*). Really two novels: "The Kiss to the Leper" and "Genitrix." A work of enduring quality.

The Trap, by Delfino Cinelli (*John Day*). Adroitly written melodrama of the Tuscan hills.

Strangers May Kiss, by Ursula Parrott (*Cape & Smith*). Love and its biological consequences set forth in a novel that is sometimes good and sometimes awful.

Sanitorium, by D. Stewart (*Harper*). Tragic novel of life in a tuberculosis cure.

Parties, by Carl Van Vechten (*Knopf*). A good writer falls a victim of the speakeasy school of literature.

The Triumphant Footman, by Edith Olivier (*Viking*). Completely ridiculous and entirely amusing fantastic satire.

American Girl, by John R. Tunis (*Brewer & Warren*). Exploring the life of a wonder girl of tennis.

French Leave, by Jeannette Phillips Gibbs (*Little, Brown*). Some wise writing on the subject of Marriage vs. Freedom.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes (*Houghton Mifflin*). If you like the Gay Nineties background, you will find this story of a woman's life good reading.

Not Without Laughter, by Langston Hughes (*Knopf*). Exceptionally fine novel of Negro life.

Rhododendron Pie, by Margery Sharp (*Appleton*). Light, clever story of a family of elegant aesthetes.

Doctor Serocold, by Helen Ashton (*Doubleday, Doran*). The drama in the day of a country doctor. Cheerfully recommended.

The Patriot's Progress, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). A superior writer turns to the war and achieves one of the best war novels.

Mitsou, by Colette (*A. & C. Boni*). In which a great French novelist writes beautifully and truthfully about a war romance.

Button Hill, by Gordon Stowell (*R. R. Smith*). The drama of Suburbia, wisely and amusingly presented.

Her Privates We, by Private 19022 (*Putnam*). More than another war book: the record of a British private, told with solid literary style.

Laments for the Living, by Dorothy Parker (*Viking*). Thirteen sketches by one who needs no introduction. An indispensable book.

Enfants Terribles, by Jean Cocteau (*Brewer & Warren*). In which two children enact a Greek drama. A book to haunt you.

Mysteries

The Backstage Mystery, by Octavus Roy Cohen (*Appleton*). . . . I Like a Good Murder, by Marcus Magill (*Lippincott*). . . . A-100, by Bruce Harrison (*Dutton*). . . . The Thrill of Evil, by H. Ashton-Wolfe (*Houghton Mifflin*). . . . A Book of Murder, by Frederick Irving Anderson (*Dutton*). . . . Is No One Innocent?, by Milton Herbert Gropper and Edna Sherry (*Cosmopolitan*). . . . The Unforeseen, by J. C. Snaith (*Appleton*). . . . Half-Mast Murder, by Milward Kennedy (*Crime Club*). . . . The Four Armourers, by Francis Beeding (*Little, Brown*) . . . . The Green Jade Hand, by Harry Stephen Keeler (*Dutton*). . . . Murder in Manhattan, by Arthur Proctor (*Morrow*).

General

Morgan the Magnificent, by John K. Winkler (*Vanguard*). A candid biographer surveys with awe America's greatest prince.

Sailors Don't Care, by Edwin M. Lanham (*Cape & Smith*). What happens after the ship comes to port.

Baron Fritz, by Karl Federn (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The adventures of a witty and intelligent German officer. An unusually good war book.

The Santa Fe Trail, by R. L. Duffus (*Longmans, Green*). Excellent history of an ancient American trade route.

Joseph Fouché, by Stefan Zweig (*Viking*). Exposing the soul of a politician.

Water and Gold, by Lewis Stanton Palen and Charles G. Hedlund (*Dutton*). Seafaring, and gold-mining in Africa, with adventures that are plausible but thrilling.

Lone Cowboy, by Will James (*Scribner*). The autobiography of a cowboy and artist. Recommended.

The Outlaw Years, by Robert M. Coates (*Macaulay*). The art of murder and robbery on the Southern frontier in the early nineteenth century.

Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions, by Frank Harris (*Covici-Friede*). New edition of a fine biography.

A Brass Hat in No Man's Land, by Brig.-Gen. F. P. Crozier (*Cape & Smith*). A general speaks out of turn and tells the truth.

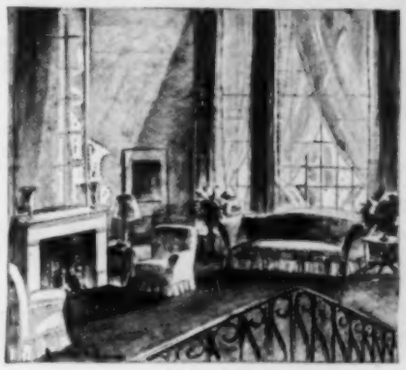
Paul Robeson, Negro, by Eslanda Goode Robeson (*Harper*). In which a wife writes a touching and charming biography of her gifted husband.

The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson, by Genevieve Taggard (*Knopf*). New and important facts about the poet. The book is exquisitely written.

Black Manhattan, by James Weldon Johnson (*Knopf*). Readable, informative, and sane history of the Negro in New York.

Roosevelt: the Story of a Friendship, by Owen Wister (*Macmillan*). A friend's wise and sympathetic study of a great man. With some new and unconventional anecdotes about the liveliest family that ever occupied the White House.

Mary Gladstone: Her Diaries and Letters, edited by Lucy Masterman (*Dutton*). Great names and great events shrewdly and wittily described by a charming Victorian.



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